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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **O**N Friday week the Duration of Speeches Bill in the House of Lords met, despite touching entreaties from its proposer, the common fate of Lord DENMAN's well-intentioned efforts to enrich the Statute Book. The earlier sitting of the House of Commons was occupied by the usual dreary fooling, on the part of Radical members, with the votes for keeping up the palaces. Mr. MORTON was particularly anxious about the foxes, the little foxes that eat the Hampton Court grapes. Then the subject of dissolution was formally broached, and Messrs. LABOUCHERE and GLADSTONE propounded gravely the doctrine (the propounding of which knowing ones have long expected) that, if the dissolution takes place late in the year, it ought to take place on the new register. Mr. BALFOUR confounded their precedents, frustrated their arguments, and the morning sitting came to an end. The evening one was birth-strangled by a count, the recent fit of the House's virtue having been too much for it.

On Monday the House of Lords principally devoted itself to Bills of Sale, though no great alteration was projected in a system which was once described by a lawyer of experience and sense as "iniquitous, but irremediable." The House of Commons was in a slightly fussy mood. The Welsh members fussed about the Birmingham Water Committee, and Mr. D. THOMAS, after being beaten on a division by 150 to 120 in an attempt to increase the numbers, drew down a rather severe rebuke from the SPEAKER on his "unusual" and "not becoming" notice to discharge a member already appointed. After some minor matters, the so-called Question of Privilege (the alleged dismissal for giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee) came on, and there was more fuss. Still Mr. MORTON "quite agreed with the SPEAKER," and it's the proud man Mr. SPEAKER must have been the day. A short talk on business led to the Scotch Equivalent Grant Bill, which was once more debated, and at last read a second time by 169 to 111. Then the House struggled over the prostrate bodies of divers instructions into Committee on the Small Holdings Bill, reporting progress at once.

On Tuesday the House of Lords sat *pro forma* only,

and the evening sitting of the House of Commons was counted out at once by Mr. MORTON. The earlier one had been occupied by a discussion on the awful crimes of the Cambrian Railway directors, who were summoned to the Bar of the House, but as yet only to explain; partly by Committee on the Small Holdings Bill. Very little good, or ill, or anything was done.

Wednesday was occupied by the Rating of Machinery Bill, the second reading of which, moved by Mr. GERALD BALFOUR, in a speech of great care and lucidity, was carried by 232 to 122—a very considerable majority in a case where party ties were loosed, and where the claims of different classes of ratepayers conflict not a little. The subject, though not of wild or palpitating interest to the ordinary reader, is one of great importance.

On Thursday the House of Lords adjourned over Easter. The House of Commons, after preliminary matter, including the London Water question (in reference to which Colonel MAKINS presumed to question the all-wisdom and all-goodness of Sir THOMAS FARRER) and the case of Mrs. MONTAGU (which elicited the rather strange statement that the dropped charges could be taken up if there were fresh evidence), settled with zest to its privilege case, with which we deal at length elsewhere, and which occupied seven hours, when it might have been decently settled in seven minutes. The Cambrian directors apologized at the beginning, and were properly reprimanded by the SPEAKER at the end. All between was partly playing to the working-man gallery, partly sheer lost time. Mr. GLADSTONE, in one of those moods which make some occasionally regard him as DOUGLAS did MARMION, spoke rationally and well. But after all, perhaps, the ruck of his followers had some excuse. For if an Irish tenant, evicted because he refuses to pay his rent to his landlord, is to have the freehold of his farm almost at a gift, why not grant a servant life tenure of his salary when he is dismissed for not doing his duty to his masters? There is a pretty topsy-turvy logic in it.

Politics out of Parliament. Mr. BALFOUR was banquetted at the Constitutional Club on yesterday week, and made a cheerful fighting speech on Toryism and Tory aims. It is a comfort to find a statesman who runs up the good old Tory flag once more, instead of the

washed-out Conservative bunting which a bare half-century has discredited.—On Saturday last Mr. CHAPLIN addressed at Leicester one of those agricultural Congresses, convened under Tory auspices, which make the Gladstonians fret and fume.—On Wednesday morning the opinions of Mr. BALFOUR and of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on Old Age Pensions were made public in different forms, Lord RANDOLPH's taking that of a speech, Mr. BALFOUR's of a letter. Both amounted pretty much to the same—that it would be a very nice thing to get done, but that no very practical way of doing it had yet been suggested. Lord ASHBORNE spoke in favour of Sir GEORGE CHESNEY's candidature at Oxford on Tuesday. Minor political speeches have been very plentiful during the week, the speakers ranging from Lord SPENCER and Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN downwards.

Non-political Speeches. This day week the Duke of CAMBRIDGE addressed the Institute of Civil Engineers, and Lord HALSBURY spoke of that profession whereof he is the head.—The Institute of Naval Architects had its meeting and its dinner on Wednesday, Mr. THORNYCROFT being among the experts who addressed the former, and the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY among the persons of distinction who attended the latter. On the same day deputations waited on the HOME SECRETARY from the L.C.C. in the matter of lodging-house licensing, on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH from stevedores and others on the subject of dock accidents. The discussions of the Naval Architects continued next day, and more or less important meetings have been held during the week by other Societies, notably the Royal Agricultural.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Germany was pleasantly, and not quite unimportantly, occupied at the end of last week in celebrating Prince BISMARCK's birthday, an anniversary which has not been so warmly kept for a long time. It seems to be thought that the warmth of the celebration is not entirely unconnected with a different feeling towards another, a younger, and a more exalted, personage; a thing sad, but not wholly impossible.—The Indian Commander-in-Chief has been paying a visit to Nepaul, and addressing compliments to the native army of that warlike State which has furnished so many excellent recruits to our own. The Ghoorkas, who have always been valued by English generals, have never been better appreciated—nor has the appreciation been better returned—than in the case of Lord ROBERTS.—On Monday we learnt that the Argentine Government had succeeded in nipping in the bud a Radical movement which might have compromised, if not ruined, the chances of returning prosperity which seemed to be opening for Argentina; and that Egypt was about to present a humble petition, nominally to the Powers, really to magnanimous France and her backer Russia, to be allowed to spend her savings on herself, and reduce the taxation, which is more than enough for her expenditure. In France RAVACHOL had confessed, but whether the confession is to be taken as resulting from cowardice or from brag this chronicle declines to opine.—On Tuesday anarchy was the theme in all quarters; for the French were not weary of their RAVACHOL, England had her Walsall criminals to talk about, and in Spain, the day before, two of Signor BATTOLLA's "persons who dwell peacefully without laws," in the fashion of Cyclopes and blameless Hyperboreans, had been caught at the door of the Cortes with all the implements about them. But the Spaniards like not to spy great bombs under the mufflers of men of peace, and arrested them.—Congress had peremptorily excluded the heathen Chinese from the United States, Germany was maintaining the same policy as to Russian Jews, and all was well in Argentina.—The SULTAN's Firman was received in Egypt early in the week, and was duly wel-

comed by English ships and Egyptian soldiers; but it was not at once presented. It would seem that the SULTAN, in declining to permit the usual course of a private inspection of the document before its public presentation, has once more attempted one of those well-intentioned, but hopelessly miscalculated, devices for re-establishing his shaken authority which may meet with sympathy but cannot secure approval.—The French have had brewed for them, or have brewed for themselves, troubles in Dahomey abroad and in Nancy Cathedral at home, the latter being, it is fair to say, apparently due to very unwise conduct on the part of the clergy. To invite Free-thinkers to listen to you, and then call them demons, is unparliamentary. "Anarchists" continued to be lively on Wednesday. Nor on Thursday had they become "easier," rumours of explosions, tried or planned, coming from Angers, Lille, Roubaix, and other places.—The SULTAN had received the new Bulgarian Agent cordially, and presented him with a cigar-case, which will no doubt comfort him in moments of dejection when he remembers the fate of Dr. VULCOVITCH.—From Friday's news it seemed once more that there might be trouble about EMIN PASHA, and that the SULTAN is cumbered about the wilderness of Sinai; but the principal part of the foreign news was occupied with the reception of "PIERRE LOTI," otherwise Captain VIAUD, by the French Academy.

The Law Courts. On Friday week Mr. Justice STIRLING bestowed the whole power of his not inconsiderable intellect on the origin, rise, and property of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." It was decided that there was little or no property in it. The case, however, is interesting to students of the higher criticism, because of the evidence as to the evolution of the particular form in which this great work of art has captivated the heart and mind of England. But the place of actual birth is still wrapt in mystery. "Houses of ill fame" at St. Louis," says one; "Extremely Hungaree," says another.—Tuesday morning was an interesting one for readers of the law reports. The long trial of the Walsall Anarchists had come to an end the day before with verdicts of guilty as to the four chief prisoners, who were accordingly sentenced—BATTOLLA, CHARLES, and CAILES to ten years' penal servitude, DEAKIN to five. The others escaped. BATTOLLA was the only prisoner who carried out to the full the Continental programme of a sentenced prisoner of this kind (though his speech would hardly have been listened to so patiently abroad), and the most interesting part of his address was his kind correction of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's mistaken idea that anarchy means disorder. It does not; it only means "a peaceful state, where men live together without laws." But, then, why blow the men up as well as the laws?—That tender mother, Mrs. MONTAGU, after a trial which disclosed an even worse state of things than had been previously known, was found guilty of manslaughter, but sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment only, because she acted "from a mistaken sense of duty," which was CANNING's view of her spiritual ancestress, Mrs. BROWNRIGG. It is an interesting sum in penal proportion. As is nine months to twelve months, so is a technical perjury in self-defence to the killing of one small female child. It seems to have been suggested that Mrs. MONTAGU did what she did because she was Scotch. But it is, as those who have lived in Scotland know, the amiable habit of the Scotch nation to spoil children, not to *sus.* them *per coll.*, and the results are well seen.—A less sensational, but very important, case was that of the London Joint-Stock Bank v. SIMMONS, in which the House of Lords, contrary to the decision of the Courts below, upheld the rights of the bank as *bonâ fide* holders over securities improperly pledged with them.—The protracted inquiry into the

Hansard Union business before Sir JOHN BRIDGE ended on Wednesday in the committal of the accused.—On Thursday the very strong man SAMPSON was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for stealing Mrs. BERNSTEIN's jewels; and in Australia the Coroner's jury, following Antipodean example, found a verdict of wilful murder against DEEMING.

Sport. The University Boatrace will be decided this morning, and it is, therefore, useless to say much of it. The preliminary practice was unusually good and close, and if any difference was noticeable, it was that Oxford, who had been somewhat the earlier to get into form, were, as so often happens, not maintaining it quite so well as Cambridge at the last.—At the Epsom Spring Meeting on Tuesday Colonel MONTAGU's Noverre beat Colonel NORTH's Rough and Ready for the Great Surrey Handicap; but Colonel NORTH was more fortunate in the race of the day, the Great Metropolitan, which he won with Colorado from Madame Neruda II., Ilsey, and a fair field. The City and Suburban was run on Wednesday in some of the finest spring weather known for years, and with a very good field. Both the betting and the result did credit to the handicapping, and the race was won very well by Lord ROSSLYN's Buccaneer. On Thursday the Tudor Plate, at Sandown, a stake of some value, secured a large field, and was won by Mr. CHARLTON's May Duke.—On Tuesday Messrs. ERSKINE and COKAYNE put the Double University Racquets to the credit of Oxford, which, until last year, had for three or four University generations been quite out of it with Cambridge in this form of that excellent game. But Cambridge, represented by Mr. DIXON, got the better in the Singles next day, and was equally successful at Chess on Thursday.

Correspondence. Lord BRASSEY on Monday morning called attention to the alleged unhealthiness of the new coaling station at St. Lucia, a subject which is certainly not trivial.

Miscellaneous. We deal fully elsewhere with the PRICE Picture Sale of this day week, which brought in between sixty and seventy thousand pounds on the whole, and illustrated, as such sales do rather interestingly from time to time, the rise and fall of temporary estimation in figures of English art. The interesting REMBRANDT of the WERTHEIMER sale has, by the way, gone to Edinburgh as a present from Mr. McEWEN to the Scottish National Gallery.—Mr. IRVING gave evidence before the Parliamentary Committee as to Theatres and Music-halls on Monday.

Obituary. The death of Mr. JOHN MURRAY, at the age of eighty-four, removed not only the *doyen* of the English publishing trade, but almost the last link of actual communication between the present generation and the heroic one of SCOTT and BYRON. Mr. MURRAY as a boy had seen the last-named poet in his visits to Albemarle Street before BYRON left England never to return. He was a man grown at SCOTT's death. As for later memories, he had himself "paid with his person" the not inconsiderable expenses of starting the "little red books" on which two generations of Britons have relied. And certainly not a decade, probably not many a year, has passed during his lifetime in which the house of MURRAY has not ushered into the world, if not some book to increase the contents of that bookcase, ten feet by eight, which the late Rector of Lincoln used to say would contain all the absolutely valuable things of literature, at any rate something that English literature gladly welcomed.—Mr. KYFFIN, of Besselsleigh, who broke his neck in the hunting-field at the age of seventy, was the representative of an old Berkshire stock, and a descendant of Speaker LENTHALL.—The obituary of Wednesday morning was unusually heavy. Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL, for many years member for Tavistock, was a man of great

learning and accomplishment, and very popular in society; Mr. BRINSLEY RICHARDS, the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, a good representative of journalism of the better class; Lord LEITRIM, though chiefly known to the public on account of the ferocious murder of his predecessor, which gave him the title, an Irish landlord who had done much to make himself as popular as that predecessor had been hated. Dr. COLLINGWOOD BRUCE, a Northumbrian antiquary of great age and learning, was the authority on the Roman Wall, and Mr. JOHN RHIND was a Scotch sculptor of very considerable merit. The death of Mr. BEADEL, M.P., makes a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of Essex, for which, it need hardly be said, the Conservatives are "unprepared." Luckily the other side are no better.—Mr. J. S. VIRTUE was a member of a prominent firm of publishers best, but by no means only, known in connexion with the *Art Journal*, and with divers large illustrated works; Mr. JOHN SADDLER, who had in his youth worked for TURNER and other great artists, one of the very last of the old school of line-engravers.—In Signor CIAMPI the operatic world has lost the best known, and certainly not the worst, pure *buffo* of the good, that is the Italian, school.

Books, &c. We are glad to note the appearance in a single handy volume (Calcutta: Government Press) of Mr. G. W. FORREST's masterly introduction to his selections from the Indian State papers bearing on WARREN HASTINGS. This contains in summary all the more important documents necessary for the destruction of the fabric of falsehood to the construction of which such architects as BURKE, MILL, and MACAULAY lent themselves, and in its original folio form it was practically inaccessible to the ordinary reader.

THE ANARCHISTS.

IT is not only the natural, but is also the correct, scientific course to begin our remarks on this last week's manifestations of "anarchy" with the Walsall trial. The doings of the Anarchists abroad show them in their finished state; but the evidence given at the Staffordshire Assizes allows of beginning with them at the beginning—which is always the best way when it can be practised. Besides, the trial revealed both the regular revolutionary method of working, and most of the types of persons by whom revolutionary parties are encouraged, organized, officered, and recruited. Of these, by no means the least interesting and important was Mr. EDWARD CARPENTER, once a Fellow of a Cambridge College, who was called as a witness to character by the prisoner CHARLES his friend. Mr. CARPENTER appears to be one of those persons of whom M. TAINÉ writes, who actively prepared the Revolution before 1789, in the firm persuasion that it would land them in a sheepfold, and discovered by 1793 that it had put them in the midst of a pack of wolves. Mr. CARPENTER, who took an active part in the Cambridge University Extension Scheme, had lectured to CHARLES, and found him "a generous, tender-hearted man." Mr. CARPENTER is himself an Anarchist—a word of which we must suppose that a former Fellow of a Cambridge College knows the full meaning. He had written a letter in the *Commonweal*, and seems, on his own showing, to have instilled anarchy into the minds of his hearers at Walsall. Of course it was anarchy with rosewater. Mr. CARPENTER disapproved of violence, nor did he think it "an integral part of true anarchism." Neither did the many ingenious young gentlemen who hailed the dawn of the French Revolution approve of the guillotine—which was but natural, for it shortened a good few of them by the head.

MARAT, DANTON, and ROBESPIERRE, for their part, saw that revolutions could not be made with rosewater, and they developed the teaching of the ingenious young

men in the well-known way. CAILES and BATTOLLA played MARAT and ROBESPIERRE in the little rehearsal of a revolution in which Mr. CARPENTER had a part. They saw that you cannot make anarchy with rose-water, and that explosives are far fitter for the purpose. Finding a "generous, tender-hearted man," who had been taught by Mr. CARPENTER that Society is very rotten, and no good will be done till it is reorganized, they crossed the t's and dotted the i's of their cultured fellow-worker. They pointed out that a little wholesome constraint applied with explosives would hasten the coming of the millennium. The result is the plot for his share in which CHARLES has received a sentence of ten years' penal servitude. No doubt Mr. CARPENTER is equally pained and surprised at this unexpected and undesigned consequence of his instruction. We trust that he will abstain in future from imparting teaching which is so liable to distortion. Educated men do the poor, for whom they profess and feel so much pity, very ill service when they tell them that their sufferings are the fault of the industrial organization of "Society."

The trial reveals what goes on below the instructions of Speculative Revolutionists. Walsall possessed an Anarchist Club, in which men listened to teaching of the kind illustrated by that "Feast of the Opera" and other pestilent rubbish which was read in court. In these ravings workmen are incited to redress their wrongs by killing or maiming "the sweaters, financiers, middlemen, magistrates, diplomats, and moralists, all the cream of the rich and rulers of the people." This stuff is listened to by such men as WESTALL and DITCHFIELD—whose names we take first because the jury has acquitted them, and we are therefore bound to suppose that they were only the stupid instruments of intriguers who knew well what they were doing. But that they were used is not denied, and it is clear that they would not have been available if they had not belonged to such a club as this, and been seen to listen without protest to the exhortations of such teachers as CAILES and BATTOLLA. CHARLES and DEACON did not act in ignorance. They, in their different ways, are also types. The second endeavoured to save himself by peaching, as the baser followers of sects of this kind always do. The excuse of CHARLES was that he thought the bombs were to be used only in Russia. It may be that he was telling the truth; but, if so, his plea only illustrates the harm that can be done to a man who does not appear to be merely wicked by the wretched sophistry talked to workmen by educated teachers, and then interpreted by downright scoundrels of the common revolutionary type. He had been told that an oppressive Government may pardonably be upset, not only by open rebellion, but, when that is impossible, by mere crime. So he applied himself without scruple to supply bombs for use in Russia, though he cannot possibly have been sure that they would not be used in this country. He alleged, indeed, that when he had cause to suspect that they were not being made for export he ceased to have anything to do with them. He had, however, done the mischief, even if this is true, and he expressed no regret. His plea that "a reconstruction of society might be effected by such violent methods in a comparatively recent nationality like that of Russia" shows the origin of the windy nonsense which had made a rascal of him. These phrases are easy to recognize. We know the kind of "thoughtful" person who uses them.

The case of CAILES and BATTOLLA is very simple. They are the common Continental revolutionists, whose function it is to interpret the Theoretical Anarchist—to prove by word and deed that the use of bombs is "an integral part of true anarchism." RAVACHOL and his associates in Paris, DELBOCHE and FERREIRA at

Madrid, are members of the same class. There may be differences of character among them. RAVACHOL, for instance, is obviously a man with a canine appetite for attention. But though one is a little more this and the other a little more that, they all belong to the common type of scoundrel fanatic. Such fellows have seldom been wanting to any religious or other movement of a revolutionary kind. The soil of this country has never grown him in full development, but he was found among the Scotch Covenanters in great perfection, he was triumphant for a brief space at Munster, and in France both the Huguenots and the League could show his like. To-day he is the BALFOUR of Kinloch, the KNIPFERDOLING, the POLTRO, and the JACQUES CLÉMENT of the Theoretical Anarchist. He applies the remarks of University Extension lecturers on the re-organization of Society just as some of the persons we have mentioned interpreted the teaching of Reformers as to the justice of chastising the enemies of God, or philosophical remarks of Spanish Jesuits on the innocence of killing tyrants. The comparison is not to the advantage of the modern version of the old type, for the men we have named were at least intrepid. Now their modern equivalents are, in the great majority of cases, of small courage, always excepting members of the recent nationality of Russia, whatever that may mean. To be sure, it may be alleged as an excuse that the Theoretical Anarchist, with his University Extension lectures, is a much thinner creature than LUTHER, KNOX, or MARIANA. So he is, and it is a case of like master like man, as usual.

It is so natural to believe that a number of simultaneous outrages, or attempts to commit outrage, must be the outcome of some general plan and common organization, that something of the kind is looked for as the cause of the many recent explosions. But no evidence of its existence has ever been produced. A common body of doctrine and a common type of scoundrel are scattered over Europe. Given these favouring conditions, and the existence of a revolutionary press which publishes the same exhortations in half the cities of the Continent, and it is easy to understand how the mere setting of an example in one will cause imitations in half a dozen others. There is certainly nothing in their method of proceeding which argues the existence of an intelligent general direction, and still less the possession by these vermin of any formidable means. The men tried at Walsall were obviously very poor, and were compelled to have recourse to mere make-shifts. Their scheme was a stupid one, and could only have succeeded by extraordinary good fortune. DELBOCHE and FERREIRA were apparently captured with the greatest ease by the Madrid police, which does not pass for being particularly alert. RAVACHOL, to whom the French papers pay an amount of attention which must cause him intense gratification, is manifestly a most frothy, boastful creature, whose tongue should have led him into prison long ago. The immunity which this class of men has so long enjoyed on the Continent may be attributed, not to their own ingenuity, but to the protection which they have received from "advanced" deputies, who are ready to help any ally who will help them against the Church. Now that the acts of these fanatics have aroused the fears of society, they will probably have a short shift. The determination to make their offences capital, even when they have not caused loss of life, is well justified by their malignity, and if Continental Governments act together, there will be no difficulty in suppressing the whole tribe.

MRS. MONTAGU.

IT seems a pity that Mr. Justice MURPHY is not guided by as stern a sense of duty as the woman called ANNIE MARGARET MONTAGU. Twelve months' hard labour is a serious punishment, especially to a lady brought up in the comforts and luxuries of the well-to-do. But the offence committed by this female convict was only distinguishable from murder because the actual consequences of her proceedings were not shown to be inevitable. The woman's child was really hanged. If the woman herself had been hanged too, the world would have been much the better for her removal from it. This mother will not, however, much enjoy the very inadequate penalty inflicted upon her. Like Mr. DENNIS, the hangman in *Barnaby Rudge*, she knows too much about punishment not to appreciate it herself. Her children have given her ample opportunities of exercising her skill in the perpetration of cruelty. In gaol she will have to eat whatever lunch she gets without the pleasure of reflecting that in a room over her head is a baby sobbing in helpless and hopeless misery and pain. Perhaps the most awful part of this grim and ghastly story is the description of the efforts made by the mother and her most obliging governess to resuscitate the child. The worthy pair, being roused at last by more moving considerations than a little girl's health or sanity, poured brandy down her throat, and put her in a hot bath. But from the wickedness of humanity, however diabolical, there is one last appeal. A merciful Providence baffled the designs of those who would have brought this infant back for her mother to strangle, and suffocate, and starve. For the children of this woman, so long as she was at large, there could be no refuge but the grave. The trial was conducted with a laudable suppression of feeling, and with the direct impartiality both by the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL and by the Judge. In no class of cases is it more difficult, and therefore in none is it more imperative, to observe a "judicial frame of mind." If the prisoner's counsel could have shown that the child's death was in any way due to accident, then, notwithstanding all the evidence of malice and savagery, she was entitled to be acquitted on the charge of manslaughter. But when the charge had been proved up to the hilt, when the prisoner had been shown to have directly caused the death by means which, even had there been no such result, would have constituted a legal crime, it does seem monstrous that the Judge should have talked about "proper discipline," and a "perverted sense of what was right."

If the prisoner was mentally incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, she ought to have been sent to an asylum for criminal lunatics. But nothing of the kind was suggested. On the contrary, her whole proceedings were cool, calculated, deliberate. It is impossible that Mr. Justice MURPHY, with the experience of the world which a successful lawyer necessarily accumulates, can have paid any attention to her remarks about saving her children's souls. Many wicked people are hypocrites, and use religion as a mask. The prisoner maltreated her children not because she was religious, but because she was malignant. Moreover, the baby had done nothing, and only suffered from neglect of all proper treatment, of everything except brutal and barbarous ill-usage. The prisoner has been found guilty of only one offence, and in respect of only one child. It is notorious that there were many other charges against her, and that in particular she was accused of thrashing one of her sons with a heavy horsewhip because he had broken his arm. If she had been condemned to a long term of penal servitude, one could understand the abandonment of these counts. But in the circumstances, it seems outrageous that they should have been dropped by the Crown. Mr. Justice MURPHY was quite right to dis-

regard them, because they were not proved. If further evidence had been offered, a sentence more commensurate with the woman's crimes might have been passed upon her. Again, we do not quite see why that exemplary governess, Miss DOZELL, was not put upon her trial, and given an opportunity of explaining how she came to execute the orders of her mistress with such sympathetic zeal. Captain MONTAGU, the prisoner's husband, was not implicated in the death of his daughter. But his doctrine, or at least his practice, of domestic non-intervention was pushed to an extreme which most fathers would instinctively avoid.

THE THREE P's.

THE three R's have long been the symbol of the higher education, the badge, so to speak, of an instructed democracy. The three F's are well known in connexion with agrarian legislation in Ireland. Now we hear of the three P's, who are introduced to us, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by no less a person than Mr. GLADSTONE. They stand for the three great instruments of political progress—Platform, Press, and Petition. There must be three P's, not only because of the three F's and the three R's, but because Mr. GLADSTONE had to wind up with a classical metaphor, in which Press, Petition, and Platform figure in harmonious combination as the three Graces, contributing "each in its due measure, according to the calls of the time, towards the consolidation and progress of free government." The conception of the three Graces contributing to the progress and consolidation of free government is a bold one. The idea seems not unsuited to sculpture. A marble group, in which Press, Petition, and Platform, suitably symbolized, should be portrayed carrying Mr. GLADSTONE to Downing Street—for that is what is meant by the consolidation and progress of free government—would be novel and striking.

Unfortunately, as Mr. GLADSTONE contends, Press and Platform have not been in accord on the one question in which he is interested. Platform, on the whole, has been in favour of Home Rule, and Press, on the whole, has been against it. As to Petition, we may remark parenthetically, no one has thought of having recourse to her. Platform, however, has beaten Press; for, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, over one hundred elections have resulted in the transfer of twenty seats from the Unionists to the Home Rulers. Apart from Ministerial re-elections, which have been opposed whenever the Gladstonians thought they had a chance of success, there have been certainly "over" a hundred, since there have been between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and forty by-elections. There are philosophers who contend that in other parts of the universe two and two may make five, and that three from five may leave only one. Mr. GLADSTONE finds this state of things existing here, and discriminates Home Rule from Unionist arithmetic, to the disadvantage of the latter. Mr. GLADSTONE's preference for the Platform over the Press, though he goes out of his way to pay some conciliatory compliments to the latter as the more permanent, though the less immediately potent, influence, is easily explicable. It is not really that the Platform is on his side. It is as neutral as the telephone or an ear-trumpet. The secret lies in his consciousness that he is himself more potent in the public meeting than in the newspaper or the review. The reason is this—that, while the Press does sometimes more or less address the reason of men, the Platform usually appeals to their passions. Mr. GLADSTONE admits that the demand upon the speaking powers of members of Parliament is "so great as to threaten the enormous mischief of extinguishing their opportuni-

"ties of study and reflection." So much the better for Mr. GLADSTONE. But threatens, quotha. The traces of study and reflection have long been absent from most of the utterances of the Platform. When the Platform has carried Home Rule—when the one supreme effort now in progress has been successfully made—Mr. GLADSTONE promises England relief from agitation. Then it may be members will recover their powers of study and reflection. We doubt it. Platform, Petition, and Press are not three original powers. In the degree in which any of them is a power it is so as being an instrument in the hand of another power, the Caucus, itself the creature of the wire-puller. Mr. SCHNADHORST, no doubt, will smile when he reads Mr. GLADSTONE's review of Mr. JEPHSON's book on the Platform. He may think of the American orator who "was kind o' used to convincing the masses Of the 'advantage of being self-governing asses,' that at last he forgot that he

Was one of the sort that pull wires,
And arrange for the public their wants and desires,
and that the deliberations of himself and his fol-
lowers had for their aim

just to agree
What the public opinion in future should be.

Mr. GLADSTONE on the platform, as in writing about the Platform and the Press, may momentarily forget that the Caucus jerks the wires which move the puppets. But the fact is always present to Mr. SCHNADHORST's mind; and when Mr. GLADSTONE returns from the sphere of speculation to that of practical, which with him means electioneering, politics, speedily resumes possession of his too.

THE QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

THE House of Commons rarely shows to advantage in prosecuting a matter of privilege, and its earlier proceedings with respect to the complaint against the four directors of the Cambrian Railway Company certainly did not seem to promise any particularly judicious or dignified determination of the case. It was unfortunate, to begin with, that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH should have allowed himself to be prevailed upon by pressure to recede from the position which he originally took up. Whether that position was in itself a well-considered one is, no doubt, an arguable point. Having regard to the fact that the Select Committee were in full possession of the charges against Mr. MACLURE and his colleagues before any complaint had been made of similar conduct on the part of other people, the Chairman of the Committee might possibly have done better to invite the House to deal with the former charges alone at once. The course, however, which he actually took of proposing the postponement of the whole matter until both sets of allegations could be considered together was a perfectly defensible one, and, having decided upon it, Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH should, in our judgment, have adhered to it. Assuredly, at any rate, he should not have been induced, as he seems to have been, by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's pompous lecture on the impropriety of "talking of sides" on a question in which the dignity and authority of the House were concerned, to abandon it. Sir WILLIAM's Parliamentary tactics are invariably governed, as we all know, by the traditions of that ideal period when "none" were for a party, but all were for the State; but somehow or other his magnanimity in this respect is never very conspicuously displayed, save where, as in the present case, the line of conduct which "scores" one for the State happens also, by the purest accident, to score two for his party. Had the position been reversed, we can well imagine the strain of grave

and manly eloquence in which he would have urged that it was the first duty of the House to testify its impartiality by adjourning the investigation of one *ex parte* charge until another preferred from the opposite quarter could be adjudicated upon at the same time. And, perhaps, if Sir MICHAEL had more fully considered this, he might have been less impressed by the lofty admonition which Sir WILLIAM had addressed to him.

His concession on this point, however, was not the only mistake which occurred. It appears to us impossible to contend that, in ordering the four directors to attend—Mr. MACLURE "in his place" and his three colleagues "at the Bar"—the House of Commons did not vary to a serious extent the form of procedure which they have hitherto uniformly adopted in all cases. The Select Committee, while reporting the alleged acts of the four directors to the House, had never, as was pointed out by Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE, specifically averred that any breach of privilege had been committed, nor was any such averment contained in the resolution under which they were summoned. We are aware of no previous case, or at any rate of no recent case, in which this preliminary step has not in some form or other been taken. Either the House itself has resolved before summons that the parties summoned have, in fact, been guilty of the Parliamentary offence, or it has had before it the distinct allegation of one of its members that such an offence has been committed. The ruling of the SPEAKER adversely to the objection of Mr. COOKE appears to us to extend the jurisdiction in privilege much beyond its hitherto acknowledged reach. Mr. PEEL's account of what has occurred is that the Committee having reported to the House the commission of certain acts by the persons charged, "these gentlemen are asked to appear at the bar in order to state anything they may have to say in their own defence," and that, after hearing them, the House will decide whether they have committed any offence, and will take such action as it thinks right. But, to begin with, these gentlemen are not "asked," but "ordered," to appear, and they are so ordered not because they are charged with having committed any Parliamentary offence, but in order that the House may decide whether they have or not. Surely it is a contradiction to say that the House may summon anybody it pleases with a view—for that is what it amounts to—of ascertaining whether it has or has not the right to summon him. Of course, if it only "asks" him, there is no harm done and he may disobey if he likes; but if, as is to be assumed, the House regards its summons as a peremptory one, and would be prepared to assert its authority, in the event of disobedience, by directing the attachment of the person disobeying, we should doubt whether it would be able to make a good return to a writ of *habeas corpus* issued at his instance. The Court would hardly carry their respect for Parliamentary privilege so far as to include in it a right of arresting any one of the QUEEN's lieges in order to find out whether he has violated that privilege, and subjecting him, if he takes the opposite course, to the pains and penalties of a breach of privilege itself.

It is needless, of course, to say that the House proceeded to indemnify itself against its disappointment with much promptitude. There were ample materials for a party debate in the facts and statements; and when Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR had interposed with the ludicrously impossible amendment that the House should refuse to treat the directors as purged of their contempt till they had reinstated their discharged servant, the fun began. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN contributed a characteristic speech, in which he contrived to drag in all the evidence taken before the Select Committee which was, or could be represented

as, unfavourable to the directors of the Cambrian Railway Company; and this, of course, provoked reply from the "other side" of the Committee—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT must really reconcile himself to the expression—in the form of a very vigorous, outspoken speech from Mr. MILVAIN, who, of course, in his turn, cited so much of the evidence as was, or appeared to be, unfavourable to HOOD. There is no obvious reason why a debate of this kind should ever end, and midnight was, in fact, reached before a division was taken on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's motion, which was carried by an overwhelming majority. Mr. GLADSTONE having no contradistinction to his followers adopted a sensible and dignified tone in the matter. Its effect is to pass the censure of the House upon four persons who have not been proved to have committed the offence for which the public universally believed them to have been summoned, and whose actual offence, though no doubt technically complete, was of so much less serious a nature that the public will now wonder at their having been summoned. Decidedly the House of Commons, which seldom shines in privilege proceedings, has here shown up with even dimmer lustre than usual.

MR. FROUDE'S APPOINTMENT.

THE appointment of Mr. FROUDE in Mr. FREEMAN's place as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford is humorous, unexpected, and satisfactory. So little direct teaching influence is exercised by Professors at the English Universities, that it is of much more importance to secure distinguished personalities than to provide painstaking pedagogues. Separatists of course have raged, and Dryasdusts bewailed themselves, like the doleful creatures they are. But Mr. FROUDE is quite the greatest historical writer, if not the greatest prose writer of any kind, that England possesses; and though it is constitutionally impossible for him to be minutely accurate, his inaccuracies have been quite sufficiently visited upon him. Of this visitation we—slightly altering the words of the jovial and immortal bishop—may say, "dear heart! We took our Part In the jolly good days and old." There is no need to say any more on that side of the matter; something too much, indeed, may have been said as it was. Minute accuracy in detail is only the small game of history in any case; not to mention that those who pursue it by no means agree as to each other's success in the chase. Nor is it necessary, nor would it be becoming, to say much on the sharp opposition which existed between the late and the present Professor. It is indeed, in a way, a justification of the appointment; for nothing can be more fatal than the stereotyping of historical or any other studies in a great University after the fashion of any school or clique. It is, however, a little curious that the charge which, without illiberality or partisanship, can be brought against the historical works of both is one and the same. Had either Mr. FROUDE's History of the Tudors or Mr. FREEMAN's History of the Normans been compressed into a third or fourth of its length, it would have had a fair chance of being one of the great history books of the world. But the *ventosa et enormis loquacitas* of the nineteenth century seized on both, and had its wicked will of them, as it has had, alas! of many others who have not a tithe of Mr. FROUDE's literary genius and creative faculty, of Mr. FREEMAN's conscientious industry and determination to get at the heart of a period.

We, therefore, welcome Mr. FROUDE's appointment as the best which could have been made. A silly age which hates pluralities would probably have been scandalized at the return of Bishop STUBBS, of whom, parodying yet another prelate, we may say that, had

his historical writing grace as it has authority, it would govern the whole world of history. The only other possible competitor is even further below Mr. FROUDE in grace than he is above him in authority, and besides is a much younger man, and can wait. But there is another thing which makes us welcome it. It is a blow to an evil spirit which prevails too much now in both Universities, and especially in Oxford. The *fax Romuli*, which has pullulated about the Parks since those two ill-starred measures the permission of marriage to Fellows and the dissociation of Fellowships from orders, has grown to regard all University appointments as a sort of *sportula* to maintain it in its busy idleness of attending boards of studies, and devising fresh schools. Whereby has come to be substituted, in part at least, a huge high-school, with time-tables and syllabuses, for a great educating University, where the genius and life of the place, with certain exhibited, but not enforced, standards of humaner letters and arts, are allowed to work on the younger generation, while ease with opportunities of study surrounds the elder, till they drop off comfortably into the lap of livings and make room for others. The hungry crew of men forced and hot-bedded into honours without any genius for study, and thereby incapacitated for any pursuit but teaching badly what they have badly learnt, will not like Mr. FROUDE's appointment at all. They will say, as they said of Mr. FREEMAN himself, that he is "not in harmony with modern Oxford." They will howl in refrain that he has frequently "called a spirit JAMES" whose name was JOHN." They may be allowed to howl.

It is, let us repeat, sufficient that the greatest living historical writer of England has one of the few places which in England reward writers after their kind, and that the sound doctrine of re-establishing distinguished children of the University from time to time in that University, though they may not have been serving University tables meanwhile, is exemplified. There has been no better appointment in Oxford since Mr. FREEMAN's own.

M. VIAUD'S RECEPTION.

THE very distinguished audience which met in the hall of the French Academy to enjoy the reception of the naval officer whose name in literature is PIERRE LOTI cannot have been disappointed. It would be doing the cream of Paris wrong to suppose that it had not formed a tolerably accurate estimate of the manner in which he would discharge the duty of delivering the *éloge* of OCTAVE FEUILLET. The impromptus uttered on these occasions are commonly prepared carefully beforehand; but none had ever been more manifestly polished and pointed for a foreseen use than the friendly whisper of reproach which M. MÉZIÈRES, in the course of his speech of welcome, delivered into the ear of the author of *Le Livre de la Pitié et la Mort*—and the one thousand one hundred persons all very "gleg at the uptake" assembled to enjoy the occasion. Assuredly M. MÉZIÈRES foresaw, when he knew that the duty of welcoming PIERRE LOTI had fallen to him, that he would be constrained to complain gently to the new Academician, "You take away a very agreeable part of my task; you have spoken of yourself just as I should have liked to do if you had not forestalled me." It is easy to believe that, as once happened in a duller place—to wit, the House of Commons—smiles were heard in that Hall.

PIERRE LOTI, who has always discoursed of himself, and other things, discoursed of himself and OCTAVE FEUILLET in his accustomed order and proportion. It has been noted of this curiously artful child of nature that he judges all things in PIERRE LOTI, and it was

but natural that he should so judge the author of the *Parisienne*, of *Julia de Tréceur*, and of *Honneur d'Artiste*. We do not suppose that it was only the obligation of his task which compelled him to rank OCTAVE FEUILLET among the persons of whom PIERRE LOTI is able to approve, and his work among the things which the author of *Madame Chrysanthème* can praise. There was obvious sincerity—not the less sincere because it was a little condescending and impertinent, with an air which would fain have been naïf—in the certificate to character given to OCTAVE FEUILLET. “I think that we were both made to be charmed by the same savage simplicities as well as by the same refinements; a common disgust of all that is rather gross or only vulgar united us, and perhaps, also, it must be owned, a common alienation, too disdainful, not quite tolerant enough, scarcely justifiable, from those who occupy the middle rounds of the human ladder—from, I mean, the half-education and the commonplace of the *bourgeois*.” This is PIERRE LOTI on himself; for of OCTAVE FEUILLET, the truth is that he was content to leave the world to see for itself that he was a gentleman. That is one reason why no man has ever disputed his title, whereas in the case of his successor there have been doubts. Again, we have no doubt that PIERRE LOTI felt that he was giving a substantial reason why his praise of FEUILLET’S work, and its superiority to “naturalism,” should have weight when he said, “I am certain of it, I who come from the open air outside”—outside, that is, of the hot-house of Paris. But some have said that, though PIERRE LOTI may sail to Newfoundland or again to the islands of the Pacific, he always voyages in a little hot-house of his own.

Yet, in the *éloge* of PIERRE LOTI and of OCTAVE FEUILLET, the new Academician did not fail to speak of literature and things which have interest. That he is implicitly to be believed when he expressed his dislike of the “consecrated language of criticism,” of which, by the way, he is somewhat too acutely conscious for a gentleman whose boast it is that he is even as a little bird and never reads, is open to question. Yet he gave a criticism or text for its consecrated language which deserves thanks, in the shape of a comparison between his own method of work and OCTAVE FEUILLET’S. He forestalled M. MÉZIÈRES by saying, not, indeed, for the first time—“I myself have never composed a novel. I have never written but when my mind was haunted with a thing, my heart throbbing with a suffering, and there is always too much of myself in my books.” But OCTAVE FEUILLET was personally absent from his books, and so was compelled to compose a plot, to find personages, to work his story up to an inevitable end. This toil, which frightens PIERRE LOTI, was not light to OCTAVE FEUILLET, but he bore it as the unavoidable burden laid on him who would produce literature. Now this is true, and it has consequences on which the very ingenious, but very self-conscious, gentleman who said it may well reflect—if not with resolutions of amendment, at least with a sobering modesty. There is in OCTAVE FEUILLET what he strove to give—namely, incident, character, and plot. Now deduct PIERRE LOTI from PIERRE LOTI’S work, and there is very little but word-painting. Besides, OCTAVE FEUILLET, by keeping himself out of his books, left room for something which is rather conspicuously wanting, even in the *Roman d’un Spahi*—which is passion. Therefore, while PIERRE LOTI is right in saying that OCTAVE FEUILLET’S work belongs to the enduring part of literature, we are very much afraid that PIERRE LOTI’S only belongs to the temporarily popular, and will in time fall into the merely curious—which illustrates a literary fashion of egotism.

THE LATE JOHN MURRAY.

THE death of Mr. Murray, when he had well nigh attained the venerable age of 84, is an event which has naturally excited general interest and regret. He has left very many friends to lament him deeply, and few names have been more familiar to the English public than that of the head of the great publishing house in Albemarle Street and the projector of the famous series of handbooks. He died in the house which is immortally associated with so many illustrious memories. He had his sorrows and his trials like other men; very recently he had to lament the loss of too many of his dearest and most valued intimates. But his long life had been devoted to the beneficial objects and enterprises in which he found unfailing sources of interest and enjoyment. He had breathed a literary atmosphere from his childhood, and the leisure which was always more or less energetic was passed in the most intellectual contemporary society. The regrets which have been universally expressed are a gratifying tribute to his fruitful career and to his sterling qualities. The disappointments of aspiring and unsuccessful authors have made it the fashion to abuse publishers, and often with little reason. But no man who ever had any dealings with him had anything but praise for Mr. Murray, so far as we know. Naturally generous and warm-hearted, he found, like his father, that a wise liberality is the best policy; and probably he lost nothing in the long run by sometimes carrying liberality to excess.

Since its small beginnings in the cramped establishment in Fleet Street fair and honourable dealing had been the tradition of the house. With one or two of the great rival firms, it always had the pick of the best books. The *imprimatur* of Albemarle Street assured favourable consideration to an unknown writer, and, even in the case of an author who had made his mark, perhaps to a considerable extent it influenced critical opinion. The critics placed great faith in Mr. Murray’s sound literary judgment, matured as it was by his long experience. When he decided to enter into relations with an author, he identified the author’s interests with his own, and generally secured a lifelong friend. His genial, and latterly his fatherly, manner was irresistibly engaging; for it was simply the outward sign of a natural warmth of heart, and he could venture, with little risk of giving offence, to offer unpalatable advice or to speak unsatisfactory home-truths. Sensible men, in their business intercourse with him, learned to appreciate that shrewd and educated intelligence, and to value those invaluable counsels. The house in Albemarle Street has always been famed for its hospitality, and Mr. Murray seldom showed to greater advantage than at the head of his own dinner-table, where the company was sure to be select and representative. His own information was as minute and exact as it was miscellaneous; he was readily served by an admirably retentive memory; he could draw freely, by way of illustration, on his various and vivid recollections; and as a simple and unaffected *raconteur* he had very few rivals. His guests, indeed, would have sometimes wished that he had shown them less consideration; and would willingly have left him to monopolize the conversation which he only suggested or guided.

Had it not been his fortune to be born a publisher, he might have made himself a name in literature or politics; and we have always thought, in especial, that he might have shone as a Church dignitary, and graced the episcopal Bench, which would have had the benefit of his administrative talent. But it was in familiar *tête-à-tête* that Mr. Murray was most delightful. For then, when he felt that he was communicating pleasure and instruction, he had every reason for unreserve, and would abandon himself to the flow of his recollections. The Laureate and Mr. Gladstone are living still, but they have been following their own well-defined paths, tending either to the seclusion of the hermit or to the turmoil of political battle. We know not where we could go now to find the man who could speak from knowledge and memory of Scott and Byron, of the Lake Poets when they were the mark for cheap sneers and ridicule, and of Southey when he recouped himself for unremunerative *Thalabas* and heavy Brazilian Histories, by his receipts as the most versatile and regular of the contributors to the *Quarterly*.

In fact, the man must have been dull indeed who could have been brought up in 50 Albemarle Street without becoming bright and instructive. The times and the

publishing trade have greatly changed since the third Murray was a youth. The metropolis was but a place of casual resort for the most illustrious lights in the literary world. Scott was living his busy days between Edinburgh and Abbotsford; Byron, very little to the advantage of his reputation, was sojourning for the most part in foreign lands; Wordsworth was at Rydal Mount, and Southey at Greta Hall, where, instead of borrowing consignments of books from a "London Library," he collected, poor as he was, a valuable library of his own. Crabbe was in a quiet parsonage at Trowbridge; Miss Edgeworth, in the flush of her fame, seems seldom to have stirred from Edgeworthstown; and so we might go on multiplying examples indefinitely. There was no literary Place of Assemblage like the Athenæum, where men of sympathetic tastes might meet on a common ground. When any of these celebrities made a journey to town, one of the first items in the proceedings was a call in Albemarle Street. It was an object of ambition to those who were scarcely in the first flight of the famous to be made free of the afternoon *causeries* in the drawing-room, where those who were best worth seeing were to be seen, and all that was best worth hearing was to be heard. Young Murray had the run of that room and its society. So many biographical details have been given in the course of the last week that we do not care to dwell upon these. Yet we must recall as most significant two memorable events on which Murray always looked back with natural satisfaction. He had seen Scott and Byron the best of friends, when they had forgotten or forgiven the old feud of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and he had been present at the burning of the Byron Memoirs, when what would have been the sensational volumes of the season vanished up the drawing-room chimney in smoke. As for the pictures which hang on the walls of his dining-room, they are family portraits, in an original sense. They are the pictorial records of the rise and progress of the house of Murray. They represent its connexions with travel and science, history, divinity, and picturesque biography. There are the early African and Arctic explorers—Denham, Clapperton, Lander, and Barrow; there are Hallam and Basil Hall and George Borrow. In those days, when life was taken tolerably easily, books were not being multiplied to satiety; an author took time to write; the public had leisure to read and enjoy; so each new aspirant to literary fame had a fair chance of succeeding according to his merits.

We have not, as we have said, gone into biographical detail; but no notice of Mr. Murray would do him justice did it not advert to the most valuable of the books which he himself introduced to the public. We remember the sensation excited by the publication of Layard's wonderful discoveries, which remunerated the writer beyond his dreams, gave him the lift on the ladder he has been climbing since, and rapidly ran into successive editions. Mr. Murray had appreciated them favourably at once as much for the charm of the style as the striking interest of the subject. He continued to bring out the works of Hallam and Lord Stanhope. He published Grote's *Greece* and the legal biographies by Lord Campbell. He published the sumptuous edition of "Pope" originated by Croker, continued and completed by Elwin and Courthope. He stood sponsor to all the *Philosophy of Darwin*, the *Travels of Livingstone*, and the *Archæological Researches of Schliemann*. He published Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*; volumes by Dean Milman, Dean Stanley, Sir Henry Maine, Du Chaillu, &c. These, of course, are but a few among the many, and very possibly we may have omitted some works of equal importance. In launching a great enterprise he grudged neither trouble nor money, and many of his voluminous serial publications are not only standard but unique authorities. The *Speaker's Commentary*, thanks to the careful selection of the learned contributors, has taken a place of its own in English divinity. It was so far back as 1843 that Mr. Murray was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Dr. William Smith, the Editor of the *Quarterly*, who was to become one of his closest friends and his staunchest literary ally. The fruits of the happy connexion are to be found in the almost stupendous series of "Dictionaries," on antiquities and biographies, secular and religious, Pagan and Christian, which may be said to have revolutionized historical methods, and recast a mass of ancient matter to the infinite advantage of scholars and students. It only remains to remind our readers that Mr.

Murray was himself a writer, and an able writer. In 1839 he contributed a sparkling article to his own magazine, on the origin of his handbooks. He mentioned that exactly sixty years before he had first set foot on the Continent, when he found himself literally abroad, for want of the most rudimentary guidance. Characteristically he saw a great opportunity and seized it. He noted down everything likely to be useful to his countrymen, who were beginning again to betake themselves to touring on the Continent. And he came home to write the original editions of the handbooks for "Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine," for "Switzerland" and for "France," which were the indispensable companions of the travelling Briton long before Baedeker or Joanne had been heard of. Mr. Murray will be sorely missed in Albemarle Street as elsewhere; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the interests and reputation of the house could be safely bequeathed to his sons. The fourth John Murray, who for years has taken an active part in the management, is not only an admirable man of business, but a genial and highly educated man of the world.

A BORDER TOWER.

IN one of his letters to Carlyle, Goethe, expressing the interest with which he has read his correspondent's glowing description of Craigenputtock, says that he has identified the site on the map, and congratulates him on having chosen the western bank of the Nith for his abode, because he observes that the precipitous mountains of granite leave hardly any room for perambulations on the eastern bank. Had Goethe ever fulfilled Carlyle's repeated prayer by visiting Craigenputtock, the illusion of soaring crests and deep-rolling river might have been sadly dispelled by the reality of low, bare Galloway hills and petulant brawling Nith. In like manner when Washington Irving first visited Abbotsford, and Scott took him to the top of the Delectable Mountains to show him the widespread glories of Lammermuir, Torwoodlee, Ettrick, and Teviotdale, he could scarcely believe that *this* was the enchanted scene of border chivalry:—

I gazed about me [he wrote afterwards] for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of grey, waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their outline; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks. And yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England.

It is true that, had we never quaffed the spirit of Scott's romance, the hills that tower so grandly in his lays might have remained for us but geological dwarfs, the vaunted merse but indifferently drained meadow, the grey peles of Smailholm and Earlstoun but narrow housing for the heroes of Border war—*caruerunt quia vale sacro*; but nevertheless shall one pass through this land indifferent to the apocalypse which has invested every foot of the way with chivalrous and patriotic association. Familiarity has brought no contempt, but only tender reverence for the names of—

Ercildoune and Cowdenknowes,
Where Homes had once commanding;
And Drygrange with its milk-white ewes
Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.
The bird that flies through Redpath trees
And Gladswood banks each morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader Haugh
And bonnie howms o' Yarrow.

In the last journey which Walter Scott made beside his beloved river, when a deeply sorrowful procession followed his remains to their resting-place in Dryburgh Abbey, the route lay close to the ancient tower of Bemersyde. In one respect this fortalice is to be distinguished from many scores of similar strongholds built to protect the Scottish Marches—namely, that, from the time when earliest mention of it is made, it has remained in the possession of a single family. In the day that is, when geologists and ice-age theorists deal nonchalantly with hundreds of thousands of years, seven centuries may seem but as a watch in the night; yet Great Britain contains very few estates possessed at present by the descendants, even though collateral, of

those who owned them in the reign of Henry II. The endurance of the Haigs of Bemersyde in their primitive home is the more remarkable because they have never been a powerful family; neither have their possessions ever exceeded a modest acreage. It has, moreover, been impressed on popular attention by the celebrated prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, uttered at a time when the family of Haig had been for less than a century in possession:—

Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

The great territorial families of the thirteenth century—the Avenels, Soullis, and Maxwells, the De Viponts, De Vescis, and De Morvilles—have passed away from Tweedside, having either died out or exchanged their estates for lands in other districts; the powerful religious houses also—the Austin Canons of Jedburgh, the Tironensian monks of Kelso, the Cistercians of Melrose, and the Premonstratensians of Dryburgh—have long since disappeared; but still—Haig is Haig of Bemersyde.

But though the race does not owe its preservation to its greatness, neither does it do so to its obscurity or indolence; its history is an epitome of the vicissitudes incident to land-owning in a country constantly on the defensive against a powerful neighbour. The fifth owner of Bemersyde fought under Wallace at Stirling Bridge; the sixth followed Bruce to Bannockburn and died a soldier's death at Halidon Hill; the eighth laid down his life with the Douglas on the bloody slopes of Otterbourne; the tenth was killed at Piperdean; the twelfth and thirteenth fought on opposite sides at the civil conflict of Sauchieburn—the last-named, William, falling with the flower of Scottish chivalry at Flodden Field in 1513. In those rare intervals when slaying was slack in their own country the sons of the house sought soldier's fortune on the Continent. There is preserved among the family papers a letter written in 1626 by James Haig, an officer in the garrison at Utrecht, to the laird, his brother, imploring him to send him some clothes, which, he says, are essential to his promotion:—

Zou sall take a view of my mother's letter, where I intreited her earnestlie to send me over cloathes, in so much I doe expect a Collar of my colonell; and to that I be into fashion I am ashamed to presoun in the samen. Wharby I entreit zou, my dear brother, to show her credit in the samen; flor gif scho doe not, I am undone, flor I am all out of flashione. Itt is agenst natural flavour toe mak me loss my owen flortun flor lacke of putting me into flashioun.

Neither were the Haigs behind the "flashioun" of Scottish families in occasional disdain of the law. In 1535 Robert Haig was summoned before the Lords of Council and Session in Edinburgh, and convicted of three separate acts of "stouthrie and spulzie," committed against his neighbours the Haliburtons of Mertoun; having, in the years 1519, 1521, and 1522, driven off horses, cattle, and sheep from their lands. Abduction, again, as students of mediæval family history must be aware, was a favourite pastime of country gentlemen of old, and no stain was imputed to the scutcheon of the Laird of Bemersyde because, in 1675, he assisted in carrying off Jean Home, heiress of Ayton, and forcibly married her to "a poor young boy, George Home, son to Kimmerghame."

Curiously enough this same Laird Anthony had, some years before, joined what Kirkton and Wodrow termed the "abominable sect of the Quakers," and remained attached to their doctrines long enough to introduce a new set of names into the family tree. His first six children were named Jacob, Zerubabel, Hannah, Zerubabel (2), Lazarus, and Emmanuel; but, later, there are symptoms of back-sliding apparent in the worldly names chosen for the three youngest—Hibernia, William, and Joan. However, he remained long enough attached to the Society of Friends to suffer imprisonment on that account for two years. It behoved men of that time to be moderate in expressing their religious convictions, for Anthony's brother, William, got into trouble from his association with Lord Balmerino, whose indictment, by-the-bye, at the instance of the Lord Advocate of the day, is a model of legal venom. Balmerino's "Supplication against Parliamentary Bishops" is therein described as a "scandalous, reproachful, odious, infamous, and seditious libel," conceived by "the malicious heart of the penner in ane most bitter, invective and viperous style," in which reproaches against the King are "most despitefully belched and vomited forth," and good subjects called on, in metaphors worthy of the most voluble of

washerwomen, "to crush the cockatrice in the egg, and to abhor it as a pestilential clout!"

Measured by the change of manners and customs, the distance in time since the Haigs established their homestead on the bold bluff between Leaderfoot and Dryburgh seems even greater than when it is measured by centuries. It is grimly gratifying in these days of allotments, small holdings, and Free Education, to read the signature of Petrus del Hage attached to the instrument whereby Richard de Morville, Constable of Scotland, sold to Henry St. Clair in 1166 the persons of Edmund, the son of Bonda, and Gillemichel his brother, and their sons and daughters, and all their progeny, for the sum of three merks (40 shillings).

The scenery has altered not less than the manners of men. The uplands of Tweed and Yarrow, the nakedness of which impressed Washington Irving so unfavourably, were then unbroken woodland:—

The King was cumand thro' Caddonford,
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the derke foreste them before,
They thought it awsome fer to see.

There is nothing more "awsome" to be encountered now than the thriving plantations round the quiet seats of country gentlemen, and all that remains of the old forest is, here, a birken shaw in a hill glen, or, there, a few crouching oaks and scattered pines on the cliffs opposite Old Melrose. But the "Covin' Tree," a huge Spanish chestnut, still stands between the old tower and the ancient "pleuse" or pleasure-ground. From beneath its shade one may still gaze across the valley on conscious Eildon, triply cleft; one may still pass along the narrow paved way down which many a lord of Bemersyde has been carried to burial in St. Mary's aisle of Dryburgh; still broad Tweed fills the leafy shaws with the sound of waters, and still the salmon, year by year returning, linger long among the loops and bends between the Monk's Ford and Gladswood, making the Bemersyde fishing renowned among the casts of Upper Tweed.

The tables are turned now. Of yore it behoved the Scot to keep a good grip of his geir, and to have his neighbours and retainers spring lightly to saddle at short notice, if he would protect his flocks and herds from "our auld enemies of England." But the golden tide sets northward now, and what used to be reckoned an earl's ransom is willingly paid by many a Southerner for two or three casts in the famous stream, whereby much and welcome siller is brought to the worthy dwellers on its banks. With which state of things the Scottish borderer ought to be, and doubtless is, becomingly content; nor will he be at the pains to pick a quarrel with us because the interest we feel in him and his country is founded on association with a social state to return to which would be most uncomfortable for all of us. Nevertheless, to show our good will to him and his fair river, we will make him a gratuitous advertisement, and pronounce an opinion that nowhere is the angler more likely to realize his aspiration of "a tight line" than in the swift streams and darkling pools of Bemersyde.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE decision of the House of Lords on Monday in Simmons's case has naturally been received with much favour by bankers, and undoubtedly it will tend to facilitate the conduct of business upon the Stock Exchange. The facts of the case are very simple, and may be briefly stated. Mr. Simmons was the owner of certain bonds which he left for safe keeping with his brokers, Messrs. Herapath, Delmar, & Co. Without his authority or knowledge Delmar, a partner in the firm, sold the bonds and bought back an equal amount of similar bonds. These latter he pledged with the Joint-Stock Bank. Subsequently the firm became bankrupt, and then Mr. Simmons applied for his bonds. The bank refused to deliver them up, the case went for trial, and in all the Courts it was decidedly favourably to Mr. Simmons until Monday, when the House of Lords reversed the previous judgments. The grounds on which the House of Lords based its decision are that the bonds are negotiable instruments, the title in which passes by mere delivery, and that the bank had no reason to suspect that Delmar was exceeding his au-

thority in pledging them. It is unquestionable that the previous decision in this case and that in Lord Sheffield's case have made many bankers unwilling to lend to members of the Stock Exchange. They argue fairly enough that it is useless to make inquiries; for, if a man is dishonest enough to appropriate the property of others, he is not likely to stop at an untruth; and, furthermore, that, even if the fact were otherwise, it would offend honest customers to ask if they were authorized to pledge securities offered by them; and, lastly, that many principals would be unwilling to admit that they were pledging securities for the purpose of acting on the Stock Exchange. Therefore the more cautious bankers have been unwilling to engage in this kind of business, and consequently the decisions had put an obstacle in the way of business. On the other hand, the decision is hard upon investors. All prudent owners of securities which pass by delivery will have to bear in mind in future that, if they leave those securities for safe keeping with their brokers and the brokers are dishonest, they cannot recover from the bank and have no redress should the broker become bankrupt. It may be said that the investor pure and simple can avoid danger by himself taking care of his securities. But there are multitudes of bondholders who from time to time have to borrow upon their bonds, and for that purpose they must entrust their property to brokers, who may under this new decision make away with that property without the knowledge or sanction of the principals. Besides, even the most careful investor will have to leave property in the hands of his brokers for some little time every now and then, and he will do so in future at his own risk.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 3 per cent., at which it had stood for twelve weeks, to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Unless a very active demand for gold for abroad should spring up, it is expected that the rate will be soon reduced to 2 per cent., and that money will continue abundant and cheap for a considerable time.

The price of silver has been fluctuating rapidly. It rose to a little over 40*d.* per oz., and then fell to 39*d.* per oz. For the present, however, it would look as if there is not likely to be much further fall, since the production is being restricted everywhere.

A much better feeling prevails in the stock markets this week, and there has been especially a very sharp recovery in American Railroad securities. Apparently we are about to see a resumption of the rise which was checked immediately after Christmas by the large and persistent selling of European holders. Investors will do well to bear in mind that non-dividend-paying shares are little more than gambling counters. They may be run up rapidly by speculators; but, if so, they are sure to have a sharp fall afterwards. In any case, they have no intrinsic value, except for those great capitalists in the United States who desire to get control of the Companies. Investors, therefore, should let non-dividend-paying shares severely alone. Amongst dividend-paying shares, again, some appear to us cheap at the present quotations, while others are exceedingly high; and, considering the uncertainties attending the silver legislation of the United States, it is hardly probable that present prices can be maintained. The investor pure and simple will do best by confining himself to the purchase of bonds. But he should bear in mind that some American bonds are payable, principal and interest, in gold, while others are payable in currency—that is to say, in whatever for the time being may be legal tender money in the United States. At the present moment gold is the standard; but it is, of course, possible that the silver difficulties may induce the Government to adopt the single silver standard. That does not seem at all likely, but it is possible, and the investor ought to bear in mind the possibility. As a matter of fact, currency bonds are less in demand, and therefore somewhat lower in price than gold bonds. The gold bonds, speaking generally, are a safe purchase, as they yield the investor from 4 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; but the investor should take care to inform himself as to the actual position and the future prospects of the particular Company whose bonds he is inclined to buy. For some time past, too, there has been a marked recovery in Argentine securities, and we are disposed to think that the worst of the crisis is over, and that now there will be a steady, though slow, improvement. The investor will do wisely to confine himself for the present to the debenture stocks of good railway and other

industrial Companies. Their value depends principally upon the state of trade, whereas Government securities of every kind are affected by politics, and for the moment the political outlook is rather uncertain. Still, the speculative investor—the man, that is to say, who is willing to take some risk for the sake of probable high profits—will in all likelihood do well if he buys National Government bonds, and also the ordinary stocks of good railways. But he should be careful not to buy more than he can pay for and lock away for some time without troubling himself as to an immediate return. If he begins upon a small scale, and buys upon every fall, he will probably do well. There is a still better prospect of gain in the case of the shares of well-managed South African mining Companies; but the investor who desires safety above everything, and needs the interest for his income, should let them alone; mining properties are too uncertain for him. The speculative investor, who can take risks, if he buys with judgment will almost certainly make money. The gold-fields are now proved to be rich, and some of the Companies are well managed. On the other hand, all classes, whether the cautious investor or the bold speculator, will do well to avoid inter-Bourse securities. As a rule, they are too high, and the conditions, political and financial, all over the Continent are too dangerous.

Except in the American market the changes in quotations have not been considerable during the week. Consols closed on Thursday at $96\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$. New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed at 95, also a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; but Four per Cent. Rupee-paper closed at $66\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 1. In Home Railway stocks the movements have generally been upwards. Thus North-Western closed on Thursday afternoon at $171\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western closed at $159\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Great Eastern closed at $89\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the American market dividend-paying shares have not moved very much with the exception of Louisville and Nashville, which closed on Thursday afternoon at $77\frac{1}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as $3\frac{3}{4}$. But it is to be recollected that during the past few months there has been a very heavy fall in those shares, and now prospects in the South are improving. On the other hand, non-dividend-paying shares have risen very considerably. To begin with Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, whose earnings are increasing enormously, and which is expected to pay a handsome dividend by-and-by, the shares closed on Thursday afternoon at $81\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $3\frac{1}{4}$. Union Pacific shares closed at $47\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{4}$; Erie shares closed at $32\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and Atchison closed at $38\frac{3}{4}$, also a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$. These shares are quite unsuitable for investors. There has not been much movement in Argentine Railroad securities; but the National and Provincial Bonds and the Cédulas have risen considerably. The Argentine Five per Cents closed at $66\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 1. The National Cédulas of the "A" series closed at 27, a rise of 2, and Buenos Ayres Six per Cents closed at 29-31, also a rise of 2. In inter-Bourse securities there have not been important changes. Greek bonds of 1884 closed at 62, a rise of 1, and Italian closed at $88\frac{1}{4}$, also a rise of 1.

SIR HENRY MORGAN.

THE name of Morgan was of common occurrence in the West Indies in early times. One who bore it had been Lieutenant-Governor to Modyford, and had lost his life in an attack on the island of St. Eustatia in the second Dutch War, through pure excess of Welsh courage and choler acting on a body enfeebled by years, a gross habit, and the tropical climate; for, as Modyford reported, "the good old Colonel, leaping out of the boat, and being a corpulent man, got a strain, and his spirit being great, he pursued the enemy over-earnestly on a hot day, so that he surfeited and died." This Morgan had been Colonel-General to the King in South Wales in the rising of that Poyer who may or may not have been, like Seithenyn ap Seithyn, drunken. That Henry Morgan was of his kin does not appear. Sir Thomas Lynch, who became Governor when Modyford had been removed in a manner which has

not its like in the history of English colonies, says that he was a good fellow, and one who, coming to the West Indies as a private gentleman, had thriven by his own valour. The buccaneer writers say that he came to the islands as an artied servant and took to the sea when his time was up. Possibly these are versions of the same story, which we may guess to be this—that Henry Morgan came to the West Indies about 1660 with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches. Certain it is that when he came to be a great man he was received on the footing of a gentleman, and that, as he wrote not ill, it would seem that he had received some schooling. Neither was he a mere wastrel of the order of that buccaneer who gave eight hundred pieces of eight, as the chronicler Esquemeling records, to a certain young woman that he might at his leisure contemplate her charms in that state which Mr. Horsley thought unseemly to be painted. He was one of those more civil buccaneers much praised by Governor Modyford who built houses and stocked plantations with their booty, thereby proving how good a thing it was that the Spaniard should be plundered, for thus was His Majesty's island notably enriched.

In 1668, after, as we may believe, many other adventures which have been lost for want of the *vates sacer*, Morgan was an admiral among the buccaneers, and was cruising at the west end of Cuba, with a squadron of ten ships and five hundred men. He had a commission from Modyford, and orders to prevent the invasion of Jamaica by the Spaniards—for this was always the pretext. Nor was it more than a pretext; for the real sin of the Spaniards, as it was very candidly set forth by Sir Thomas Modyford in a letter to his patron, the Duke of Albemarle, was that they were both weak and wealthy. The Governor had also not failed to impress on Morgan a piece of warlike wisdom which he himself had learnt from the Lord General—which is that the soldier must look to the enemy for his supply. Getting supply in Cuba, by hunting down the wild cattle with the dogs which the buccaneer ships carried for that purpose, was toilsome, and not profitable. So Morgan, like a man of resolution, decided to sail over to the Main, and fall upon Porto Bello. Besides, he said that he had another motive, which was to rescue Prince Maurice, who was reported to be a prisoner in the dungeon there. Now this is not without interest; for one would like to know whether a story did, indeed, linger among the English in the West Indies that Maurice had not, as all other men believed, been drowned almost in sight of his brother, many years before, near the Virgin Islands, but had escaped the hurricane, and survived as a prisoner among the Spaniards. It may well be thought that Morgan, who was not without Welsh cleverness as well as Welsh valour, invented this pathetic story to make a friend at Court in Prince Rupert.

To rescue Maurice, then—but presumably not without thoughts of the pieces of eight—Morgan sailed over to the mainland, anchored at Bogota, slipped down the coast with twenty-three canoes, and surprised Porto Bello in the night. When the sun rose he and his men were fired upon by the only one of the three forts of the town which the Spaniards had provided with a garrison—such was their carelessness or weakness. Being unable to refresh themselves in quiet—a reason which lays open for the confusion of the censorious the meek carriage and peaceful intent of the men—they were constrained to storm the fort, which they did, though with a loss of some fifty in killed and wounded. The Spanish “Castiliano” fell sword in hand with most of the 130 soldiers of his garrison. The other two forts, being unprovided with a garrison, were easily occupied, and the buccaneers had the town at their mercy. The President of Panama came over with 3,000 soldiers to retake it; but, on Morgan's threatening to burn the town if he was disturbed, allowed him to depart quietly with a ransom of 100,000 pieces of eight (the piece of eight was a dollar) and 300 negroes. These things Morgan and his fellow-captains reported to Modyford, “and, for the better vindication of themselves against the usual scandals of that enemy, they aver that, having several ladies of great quality and other prisoners, they were proffered their liberty to go to the President's camp; but they refused, saying they were now prisoners to a person of quality who was more tender of their honours than they doubted to find in the President's camp among his rude Panama soldiers, and so voluntarily continued with them till the surrender of the town and castles, when, with many thanks and good wishes, they repaired to their own houses.” So far Morgan, writing

what might advantageously be quoted in London if these things were called in question; but John Stile tells tales of prisoners tortured by hot ovens and woodling. They found no Prince Maurice, but only stories that some great man, a prisoner with the Spaniards, had been shortly before carried off to Lima of Peru.

This business of Porto Bello brought matters to a head, and the Spaniards raised a loud outcry at Whitehall, by which they got little good; for by this time the King and his Council were themselves in no small fear of their own Governor, not knowing how far the man and his buccaneers might not go if provoked. Then the Spaniards, seeing that the King of England could or would do them no justice, took the desperate course of proclaiming war on the English in the West Indies. This was in 1669, and one Don Manuel de Ribera Pardal began capturing English ships. In great wrath, as of men outrageously assailed in peace by a treacherous enemy, the Jamaicans prepared to defend themselves, and in 1670 sent forth the fleet which under Henry Morgan sacked Panama. It was equipped at Port Royal by a general contribution of the planters, the very widow and orphan investing their little all in shares in the venture. The Governor and his officers were zealous in collecting and forwarding recruits. The Marshal of the island cleared the grogshops, of which there was one to every ten inhabitants, himself, with an armed watch. In September the fleet sailed, being twenty-eight English and eight French vessels, carrying some 1,800 men duly provided with instructions, of which the general tenure may be gathered from this one article. It was ordered that, if any Spanish possession was occupied which could not be held, the grown male slaves who spoke Spanish were to be put to the sword, but the women and children brought to Jamaica to be sold for the account of the fleet. This act, had it ever been performed, would no doubt have loftily rebuked that inhumanity of which we justly complained in the Spaniard.

After some stay in the islands, the buccaneer chiefs decided to proceed to Chagre and thence march across the Isthmus to Panama, to seize the treasure collected in that port for the Plate fleet. To Chagre an advanced force of 470 men, under one Bradley, came in December, and stormed the fort held by 360 Spaniards, losing about a hundred men in killed and wounded. Bradley himself was wounded, and died ten days later. Then the rest of the fleet came in, and, the ships having been hauled over the bar, the army started up-country, leaving 300 men at Chagre under Major Richard Norman, on the 9th of January, 1671. They went some way in boats, and then, when water failed, they took to the wild woods, Captain Robert Delander standing guard the while in a stockade over the boats with 200 men. At Venta de la Cruz, where Sir Francis Drake did a feat in his time, they had a skirmish—the forlorn, under Captain T. Rogers, routing the enemy from his entrenchment. Then, led by prisoners whom fear of woodling had persuaded to guide them, they marched four abreast through tropical forests and over the hills, the Indian soldiers of the Spaniards marching parallel, and over their heads on higher ground, with every now and then a bickering skirmish, but never a hearty on-fall. On the 18th January they were before Panama, with the enemy in Batavia in front, 2,100 foot and 600 horse. “General” Morgan drew up his men in *tertia secundum artem*, Lieutenant-Colonel Laurence Prince led the van of 300 shot. In the centre, 600 strong, marched Morgan with his Vice-Admiral Collier—he of the *Oxford* frigate, whom the powder spared when it killed honest men. The rear, 300 stout buccaneers, and expert, obeyed Colonel Morgan. In good order and heart they advanced, checked for a moment only by one Francisco de Haro, who rode fiercely in upon them with some horse. But the fire of the buccaneers was hot and steady. Haro was killed, and his horsemen swerved and fled. Then the Spanish foot, half-breeds or townsmen most of them, all ill drilled and in poor spirits, fell into hopeless confusion while endeavouring to change front on marshy ground to meet a flank movement excellently devised by Morgan, and were soon in utter rout. Some Spaniard, with an unexpected return to the tactics of the Carthaginians, endeavoured to drive 1,500 cattle on to the rear of the buccaneers. With the promptitude of the Roman, Morgan fired the grass, and the beasts turned madly on their own side. Then the invaders broke into Panama, where the President's few real soldiers (we may suppose it was they rather than the feeble towns-

men) made a last desperate stand in the market-place. In the midst of a savage scene of slaughter and plunder the town was fired and burned for days. "Thus," so wrote Morgan himself in a subdued mood, "was consumed the famous and ancient city of Panama, which is the greatest mart for silver and gold in the whole world, for it receives all the goods which come from Spain in the King's great fleet, and delivers all the gold and silver that comes from the mines of Peru and Potosi." Thus did Scipio the younger melt as he looked on the ruins of Carthage.

For the subdued mood Admiral and General Henry Morgan had more call than he would naturally have found in his own magnanimous heart. The great march to Panama, which was, indeed, a brilliant thing of its kind, comparable to Amyas Preston's exploit at Caracas in the romantic Elizabethan days, turned out to be a very poor commercial speculation. The President of Panama had sent all the treasure in the King's storehouses down the coast as soon as he knew that the buccaneers were on the march. So when, after twenty-eight days of grubbing in the solitary ruins of the town, they marched back to Venta de la Cruz and there divided the spoil, it fell woefully below their hopes. "30,000*l.* in all," said Morgan, "did we share." "We got," allege various of his followers, "10*l.* a man, and we thought it little for so much work." Nor was disappointment all; for when the ships were at last got over the bar at Chagre again, after much drunken and disorderly delay of men mutinous because they thought themselves defrauded by the "grandeens," it was found that many of them were such miserable craft and so rotten that they could not work back to windward. Morgan, indeed, and the said "grandeens," with the bigger ships, reached Jamaica not without difficulty, and were there received with a chorus of curses by those who had contributed means to fit out the ships, and got no profit in return. But the small vessels which were the more part of the fleet and their crews came never back to Port Royal. They drifted away to leeward, and were wrecked on the mainland and the little islands, where their crews perished miserably, looking at the poor ten pieces of gold for which they had suffered so much, and cursing the leader who, they thought, had robbed and betrayed them. Thus it may be said that the buccaneer power of Jamaica, like those insects which die where they plant their sting, destroyed itself by its greatest feat. Of the rest of the deeds of Henry Morgan, in which there were changes of fortune, but no more buccaneering or fighting, and of the plot that was laid by King Charles in his Council, and of the trepanning of Sir Thomas Modyford by Sir Thomas Lynch—

Forsi altri canterà con miglior plettro.

AT CHRISTIE'S.

WHEN Messrs. Christie head their catalogue, which is sold for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, with the word "renowned," the public expect great things. This was "a catalogue of the renowned collection of modern pictures by English and foreign artists, formed during the last half-century, by that well-known amateur and patron of art, David Price, Esq., deceased, late of 4 Queen Anne Street, many of which were bought direct from the artist, and exhibited at the Royal Academy." The rooms were crowded during the view days, but the opinions expressed varied very widely. According to some, Mr. Price had been deceived; he was ignorant of art, and took painters at their own valuation; the pictures were only what neither the colonies nor the Chantrey Trustees would buy, and so on, and so forth. There was undoubtedly some ground, as it proved, for these views; but, on the other hand, there was a first-class Linnell, a first-class Tadema, a Meissonier, and two Rosa Bonheurs, all exceedingly good. There were also many pictures which some one or other liked, such as the Millais, the Hooks, and the Faeds. When all these had been accounted for, there still remained a great deal of very poor stuff for which Mr. Price was well known to have given a great deal of money; and even the most indiscriminating of the public could not be forced to admire them, much less to bid for them. It is never very easy to say why the work of one mediocre artist goes down in the market and that of another goes up; but one thing was abundantly

proved in Saturday's sale. Money, in spite of all we hear about depression in trade, is sufficient in quantity to enable Messrs. Christie to reckon up the result of a single day's sale at above 65,000*l.*

The first picture to reach four figures on Saturday was a very sweet little landscape by Nasmyth, which ran up to 2,625*l.* But Cooke, Cooper, Ety, Stanfield, Leslie, and many others whom our fathers so greatly admired, and for whose paintings considerable sums were paid, appeared to hang fire, so to speak, and taxed to the utmost the persuasive powers of the auctioneer. Phillip's "Spanish Volunteer," however, sold for 766*l.*, which is a good price, though nothing to what some of his pictures used to fetch. A great number—nine or ten—Hooks were successively put up. They were not by any means of first-rate quality, being chiefly pastoral landscapes, and not the breezy sea pieces which the public expect from this popular artist. A characteristic example, representing a little crowd of women and girls hauling up a boat, went for 1,420 guineas, and a fishing scene for 1,700; but of the rest, from 200 to 500 was the price. Three Goodalls fetched an average of about 300 guineas. A little Landseer, "The First Leap," a pleasing picture of a boy on a pony, went at the moderate price of 420 guineas. Then came two fine works by J. F. Lewis, a Cairene Bazaar, which was put up at 300, and speedily rose to 1,090 guineas, and "Lilium Auratum," a piece of very gorgeous colouring, showing two very plain girls in a garden on the banks of the Nile. For this the bidding was slow, and after a long pause at 650 guineas, mounted eventually to 800. The John Linnells were among the best things in the collection. Five were put up. The first, "Fruit Gatherers," a poor example, went for 225; but "Welsh Drovers," a beautiful little picture, reached 1,000, and the grand "Timber Waggon," which was very much admired on the view days, was put in at 500 guineas, and with a pause at 3,050, which the auctioneer described as a poor price, was knocked down to a dealer for 3,100 guineas. It is certainly a lovely landscape, full of rich, golden autumn tints, probably the best work of the master. A fine Nasmyth went for 2,500 guineas—a long price for a very small Surrey view, but it had to pay for a number of Pooles, Pynes, and Stanfields, for which, no doubt, Mr. Price gave much more. It was said in the room that for two Pooles Mr. Price had given 900 guineas each, and they now went for 65 and 75 guineas respectively. Similarly, "The Sisters," a very empty canvas, by Mr. Pettie, only, and by very slow bidding, rose to 160 guineas.

Greater interest was excited by "Diana or Christ," by Long, in which the scene was laid at Ephesus, a portrait of Mr. Wood being introduced. It was put up at 500 guineas, and sold at 2,500 to the proprietors of the Doré Gallery. Then the two pictures by Sir J. E. Millais were successively put up. The "Apple Blossom" came first. It was formerly in the Graham collection, and at the sale went for 1,000. Somehow, the enthusiasm had evaporated. A first bid of 100 guineas was very slowly followed up. It seemed almost as if it was going to be knocked down at that figure, but by degrees it crept up to 693*l.*, on which there was no advance. The "Sound of Many Waters," after the Linnells and Hooks, was at a great disadvantage; but it rose speedily, the first bid of 500 guineas being immediately topped by a second of 1,000, and the picture went for 3,045*l.*—a good price. The extremely tame coast view by Mr. P. R. Morris, representing in the most prosaic manner a sailor's funeral, much criticized in a recent Academy exhibition, was knocked down to a first bid of 105*l.* Two pictures by Mr. Alma Tadema did not seem to find much favour with buyers, though they were applauded by the audience. The first was the well-known view in the Parthenon, where Phidias is seen explaining his sculptures to a distinguished company. This only brought 570 guineas. The "Fredegonda," which was a commission from Mr. Price, was badly cracked. As originally painted, the bridal scene in the background was partly veiled by a shower of rose-leaves. These have been removed. The first bid was 200 guineas, and after much delay the picture was sold for 1,025*l.* Then came Turner's grand "Modern Italy," a still brilliant example, which was sold in the Novar collection in 1878 for 5,260*l.*, and now fetched 200*l.* more, not a great advance. There were four pictures by Rosa Bonheur, for which Mr. Price was said to have paid 20,000 francs each. They were now sold for 1,550, 1,050, 3,000, and 1,700 guineas.

respectively—a good investment. A small Meissonier, “Reynard in his Studio,” only $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{2}$, was the last item of interest in the day’s sale, and was briskly bidden up to 1,800 guineas.

“CONGESTED DISTRICTS.”

MORE interesting than many a bulky book of travels is the Report of a Tour made by Mr. Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Wrench, a member of the Congested Districts Board, through considerably more than three hundred miles of the very poorest parts of the extreme West and North-West of Ireland, a tour made entirely by road, mostly in atrocious weather, and during the far from genial month of March.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts’s share in the expedition was undertaken nominally and primarily for the purpose of observing the native breed of horses and suggesting some method of improving it. And here let us say, that neither the whole of the Report nor the whole of our article is confined to the subject of horseflesh. As a rule, when gentlemen express an excessive interest in horse-breeding, it proceeds from a selfish desire for good horses (and cheap) with which to replenish their own stables. We feel ashamed, as Englishmen, to admit it, but we are none the less convinced that such is the fact. Now, whether he be right in his theories on the subject of horse-breeding, as we think, or whether he be wrong, as not a few think, there can be little doubt of one thing—namely, if he so pleased, Mr. Burdett-Coutts could obtain from dealers as many and as good horses as he could possibly wish, both to ride and to drive, with as little trouble as he could obtain an equal number of hats, boots, or pairs of trousers. Instead of doing this, he not only devotes much time and labour to horse-breeding, but does not shrink from incurring odium by taking an independent line of his own in that pursuit. He is now rewarded by finding that he has “set a fashion,” if, indeed, setting a fashion be a reward; better still, he appears to be more or less establishing his system, the key-note of which is to improve our existing breeds, and keep them distinct, instead of intermixing or crossing them.

When they hear Irish ponies spoken of, many Englishmen may feel inclined to say, “Welsh ponies we know, Exmoor ponies we know, and Galloways we know, but who are ye?” It is nevertheless the fact that in a very large district of Connemara and Mayo—a wild and a hilly district, with a coast deeply indented by creeks and bays, washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and rendered wild and bleak by its storms—there exists a common type of pony or little horse, greatly deteriorated in some respects, but still possessed of many valuable points which can be handed on, in conjunction with new and improved features to be acquired by the use of a superior class of stallion.” Mr. Burdett-Coutts has no desire to improve these ponies into something else, by converting them, through the means of crosses with larger horses, into hunters, or cart-horses, or chargers; for their “small size is fixed by long heredity,” and is unsuited for any such purposes; on the contrary, he would let them remain, and even endeavour to keep them ponies, in the strictest sense of the word; but, through the medium of carefully-chosen stallions, serving at the low fee of five shillings, and by refusing to allow the worst of the mares to be mated to those stallions, he hopes that, in time, they might become “good-looking cobs and ponies for harness and saddle,” while some of them might serve for polo. Fortunately the Congested Districts Board appear inclined to act upon his suggestions.

The report of the ponies found by the two travellers in this desolate district is deplorable. At a place about seven miles from Galway we are told of “the miserable-looking animals that formed nine-tenths of those assembled for inspection. The deterioration in quality and appearance is attributed mainly to the absence of proper sires.” We shall venture to add, and of proper mares; an improvement in the mares would necessarily follow a careful selection of sires, coupled with a refusal to allow them to serve exceptionally bad mares, as the fillies would become better and better in each generation. In his speech, after the inspection, Mr. Burdett-Coutts said that, “with regard to the ponies he had seen that day, it was a pity, and almost a misfortune, that people should have been spending their time in breeding such animals.” He considers in-breeding another cause

of the deterioration of the Irish ponies in the West, which is likely enough, especially in some particular places. One point, on which he does not lay much stress, is the poverty of the food on which the stock is reared; yet, although they are unquestionably “very hardy animals, and can be left out in the hardest winter weather to subsist on whatever grass they can find between the granite boulders on the mountain-side,” we should imagine that this must be a factor to be reckoned with; for there is a vulgar, but not altogether untrue, axiom among horse-breeders that “the best part of a horse goes in at his mouth.” Ponies reared on hills and mountains certainly thrive in some parts of England, Wales, and Scotland, and very rich, wholesome, and nourishing is the pasture often provided by nature in such localities; it is essential, however, that it *should* be rich, wholesome, and nourishing, and that the ponies should not be reared among mountains and hills where it is otherwise, districts, it should be remembered, which would be carefully avoided by herds of ponies in a state of nature, if they had their choice. Even if the sires alone were well fed and carefully tended, great strength and vigour, we should imagine, might be added to the breed.

Most melancholy of all was Mr. Burdett-Coutts’s speech at Ballina, where he said that “the stallions he had seen in the country were enough almost to make any lover of a horse cry (Hear, hear).” Surely this “hear, hear” was not uttered by their owners! Again, we find the following description of “a characteristic specimen of the local sires. In a miserable smoky hovel, almost in darkness, they found a stallion, which shared the single apartment in the dwelling with the owner’s family and the cow. It was only after considerable hesitation that the owner could be induced to allow them” (the tourists) “to see the animal, as he evidently regarded them with suspicion.” Mr. Burdett-Coutts well summed up his suggestions for the improvement of the Irish ponies in a speech in Mayo when he said that the object to be aimed at was not to make any violent change, either in the type of the native horse or in the market in which it finds a place, but to raise all these through many degrees of improvement of the produce, so that the type may become better and more valuable.

The efforts of the Congested Districts Board either have been or are to be principally directed in the following channels: the afforesting of bleak districts unfitted for tillage with trees suited for exposed land, such as Austrian and Corsican pines, sycamores, blackthorns, willows, and alders; the improvement of the local horses, cattle, poultry, and, in some few districts, perhaps, sheep also; the manufacture of peat-moss litter, peat wool, and peat paper; and, lastly, the making of railways for the development of the native trade, more especially of the fishing. The fishermen “look forward to the opening of the railway which they are now unable to dispose of. As proof of the unprofitable state of the fishing industry,” the tourists “were shown a cod, weighing nearly 14 lbs., for which only 7d. could be got, while at other times whole cargoes of mackerel find no purchasers whatever.” Some improvement in the fishermen’s boats and fishing-gear is also much to be desired, as they have none, “except of the rudest kind.”

Bleak and stormy as is the West Coast of Ireland—a fact of which the travellers were reminded when half a gale from the Atlantic threatened to overturn their wagonette, and when “the tempestuous weather” obliged them to have a number of ponies, which had been brought for their inspection, removed from the streets of a town which were exposed to the wind and rain, into a wood for shelter—the mildness of the climate produces luxuriant vegetation in places shielded from the Atlantic blasts, and in these were to be found Mediterranean heather in full bloom, rhododendrons fourteen feet in height and nearly in blossom, and handsome arbutus-trees in a thriving condition. But the country and the climate are as variable as the dispositions of the natives. On one occasion a “storm which howled” “during half the night was succeeded by as charming a spring morning as was ever seen in April”; while on another a “beautifully calm and springlike evening” followed a tempest of terrific violence. Here was “a wild tract of bog”; there “a magnificent plain, dotted with lakes, which sparkled in the bright morning sun”; the “wretched appearance,” again, of one place and “the rugged grandeur” of another contrasted with the mildness, the luxuriance, the shelter, the peacefulness, and “the lovely beauty of the prospect” in the more favoured spots of the

same district. On the whole, however, the report of the spies is that, if the people be strong that dwell in the land, it is lean, and anything but flowing with milk and honey; while, as to the ponies, the less said about them the better until improved stallions shall have been given a thorough trial.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

AT Messrs. Tooth & Son's Galleries, in the Haymarket, a cheerful exhibition of paintings by foreign and English artists is now on view. To take the latter first, we may draw attention to Mr. Marcus Stone's "The Letter-Bag" (3), one of those charming old-fashioned garden-pieces of which he has the secret. A broad landscape (18), by the late Keeley Halswelle, with a sea-line high on the horizon, is full of light and air. "Grace" (70) is the name given by Sir John Millais to a brown-eyed beauty, with powdered hair, whose figure sets off to perfection a straight-waisted brown pelisse. Two excellent studies of river-banks studded with the gold-flowered gorse (69, 73) are signed by Mr. David Farquharson. "News from the Old Home" (1) is a clear, pretty, honeymoon-scene by Mr. E. Blair Leighton.

The foreign examples are more conspicuous. The elaborate details displayed by M. Gérôme in "A Cairene Carpet-Seller" (13) are beautiful, but the faces seem somewhat vacant. A spirited example of M. Detaille's military art is found in No. 11. Konrad Kiesel's heads of the Muses are effective. Here are several examples of M. Munkacsy's well-known lustrous work, representing more or less domestic scenes, with studio backgrounds and figures in antique costumes. M. Munkacsy's compositions are always cleverly put in, there is much dash about them, they are very oily; but this painter's too great celerity of execution, added apparently to a certain deficiency of critical power, have prevented him from becoming the accomplished master that he promised ten years ago to become. "In Love" (41) represents a young girl, with a miserably small top to her head, leaning over an embroidery-frame, while she sews; the reflected light on her face is very effective and pretty, but there is an absence of finish on every part of the canvas; the very flowers on the window-sill are untidy and incomplete. We find at Messrs. Tooth's the customary examples of Benllieu, of Bouguereau, of Madrazo, of Heffner, none of which possess any longer the power of intoxicating us with pleasure.

Of the eighty paintings by foreign artists at the French Gallery, at 120 Pall Mall, the greater number are by French artists. The principal ornaments of the collection are without doubt three charming examples of Corot. Of these, two are richer in detail than is usual with this master; in "Le Lac" (2) a line of grey-roofed houses appears along the edge of the hill; in "Le Clocher de St. Nicolas, près Arras" (15), a charming little tower is seen between the trees, while in the immediate foreground of the picture a peasant who is cutting sedges, and who wears a bright-red cap, gives a delightful touch of colour to what would otherwise be rather a neutral-green composition. "L'Amour Vainqueur" (25), showing a nymph borne rapidly along by five beaming and bustling little Cupids, who drag her forward by her blue draperies, is a lively and unusual example of J. F. Millet.

The white sands of Scheveningen, as seen in "The Morning Ride" (30), are good; and very striking, too, is the dark, strange impression produced in "Oxen Ploughing" (77); both these are by A. Mauve. Another Dutch painter, M. Josef Israels, is represented by "The Mid-day Meal" (80), which is a good specimen of that artist's domestic scenes; it shows a peasant's family seated round the table of a cottage-kitchen, with sombre, but full-toned shadows filling in the background.

Professor Fritz von Uhde's "Der Heilige Abend" (43) is likely to attract considerable attention. It depicts a flat, snow-covered scene, and would suggest some wintry view in Holland, with homeless tramps seeking shelter for the night, if it were not for the strange phenomenon of a slightly suggested nimbus pendant above the head of an unhappy, weary-looking woman. The impression produced of the sadness and forlornness of a winter landscape is very remarkable. The large canvas of M. G. Fauvel, called "Les Fronds de Beurepaire" (60), which occupies the greater part of one entire wall of this gallery, is very broad in its effect of open-air light; it is

painted, apparently, on an unprepared canvas, and it is presumably intended to fill the end of a large hall; it would otherwise be difficult to account for its huge size. A lurid sunset by Th. Rousseau (31); two or three characteristic landscapes by Daubigny (3 and 8); a "Fête Champêtre" (70) by the eccentric Monticelli, which looks as if it had been much scraped down; and some large river scenes by Professor K. Heffner, which resemble in style those of Mr. Leader, combine to make this a very interesting exhibition.

With a few exceptions, the annual exhibition at Mr. McLean's Gallery, 7 Haymarket, is not a striking one this year. The exceptions, however, are conspicuous in the case of Mr. Henry Moore, whose several studies of active seas, painted in various shades of steel-grey and blue, are full of motion and of the shifting beauty of restless waters. Mr. L'Hermitte presents us with a solid little figure in his "Haymaker" (40). There are some gay Venetian scenes, with gala-clad figures in confused crowds, by L. Cima. A large-size half-length painting of two fine young women, called "Dark and Fair" (24), by Mr. Van Haanen, is clever, as also is the ugly painting of a greedy boy in "Much will have more" (27), by Mr. G. Peske. A characteristic specimen of Mr. Peter Graham's art is seen in a storm sweeping down on "Caledonia Stern and Wild" (16), with a stream in spat, and some Highland cattle in the foreground. Besides these, we must mention a gem-like little canvas, painted in emerald green and turquoise blue, by Mr. G. Clausen, of "A Brittany Peasant Girl" (1), which is full of charming colour.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had an all but absolutely rainless week, with an outburst of almost summer heat at the end, owing to the fact that the easterly winds had relaxed their vehemence, so that the sun's heat, coming through the atmosphere already dried by these winds, was almost oppressive on Tuesday and Wednesday. On the Continent, too, the weather has been dry, and the torrents of rain at Nice, which we have noticed twice lately, have not been renewed. On Thursday last, March 31, the anticyclone still covered the southern part of England and Ireland, but then the barometer began to fall, and continued going down for four days, more rapidly at the last, and on Monday morning all apparent signs of an anticyclone had disappeared from the map, and the conditions were such as would ordinarily indicate southerly winds and rain. This idea was further supported by the occurrence of a lunar halo, the nearly certain precursor of a change of weather, on both Monday and Tuesday nights. The change, however, was not destined to come yet, for the only station reporting rain in appreciable quantity during Monday was Valencia, when nearly four-tenths of an inch was measured on Tuesday. The barometer readings of Tuesday afternoon showed that the mercury was again rising in the west, so that the advent of rain is indefinitely put off. On Tuesday night, however, thunderstorms occurred at Biarritz and over Brittany. Temperature, as already mentioned, has been markedly higher, and ever since Friday, April 1, readings of 70° and upwards have been recorded in the east of England, especially at Cambridge, where the barometer reached 73° on Sunday, a reading equalled by London on Monday and Tuesday. On Sunday the maximum in Paris was even 79°, the highest yet registered in Europe this year. Of course with such readings and east winds, the nights were cold, and a difference of forty degrees between the highest and the lowest readings has been noted at several stations. In Paris on Sunday the difference was 45°.

MR IRVING'S EVIDENCE.

THE proceedings of Select Committees are not, as a rule, a very entertaining reading; indeed, their dullness is proverbial. Since the Parnell Commission an "inquiry" only suggests eternity; but the Theatres inquiry has proved an exception. Last Tuesday, at any rate, those gentlemen who attended in an official capacity or as mere spectators must have felt that the proceedings were only too short, and most of them could have listened for some time to Mr. Henry Irving's defence of The Profession. It is not so often that we hear Mr. Henry Irving speak on stage and dramatic

questions—not so often, at least, as his position would entitle him to do. He has thought, perhaps wisely, that among the babble of nonconformist dramatists and their admirers a golden silence was more eloquent than silver speech.

The attempt to mix up theatres and music-halls has met now, let us hope, with a decided check. To introduce the serious drama on to a music-hall stage would be as if we were to remove the Elgin Marbles to the Hôtel Métropole for the benefit of American visitors. The drama at the Lyceum or the Haymarket is not kept up for the benefit of restaurant purveyors and their patrons; while with a music-hall that is practically the case. Mr. Henry Irving, without wishing to canvas the merit of music-halls or of the gifted artists who exercise their skill in these places, is anxious that the Parliamentary Committee should appreciate the difference that exists. Mr. Henry Irving even confessed that he enjoyed a music-hall very much, and would not object to giving a recitation in one. So his hardest critics (if he has any) cannot accuse him of exclusiveness, and his remarks might well serve as a postscript to his other more important utterances on dramatic art. He has vigorously contended before that the drama is not merely an appendage of literature. It is an art of itself, and one of the tests of a drama (intended to be played) is *the stage*, not the study. "You never met a playwright," he says in the *Art of Acting*, "who could conceive himself willing—even if endowed with the highest literary gifts—to prefer a reading to a play-going public," and what dramatist, worthy of the name, let us add, would prefer a music-hall audience for his play to the more educated public that goes to the theatres?

The same writer might compose a song for Miss Collins or Mr. Albert Chevalier, but he would be interpreted by different actors and on another stage. Dr. Jekyll can write for the theatres and Mr. Hyde for the music-halls. But Dr. Jekyll's plays are an intrusion at the latter, and Mr. Hyde's must be excluded from the former.

"Shakspeare was one of the most practical dramatists which the world has ever seen," says Mr. Irving, in that handsome edition of Shakspeare which bears his name. And Mr. Irving is one of the most practical of actors and managers. If he has theories on the drama and its representation which he has boldly enunciated, he has also practical experience, as his long and successful management of the Lyceum proves. Delightful as it may be for most of us to read his opinions on the art of the drama to a hard-headed Parliamentary Committee, questions of license, the Lord Chamberlain's duties, and the County Council inspection of theatres are perhaps of more importance. With the Lord Chamberlain's powers Mr. Henry Irving is very well pleased. He has suffered himself from those powers, it is true; but he wisely prefers Lord Chamberlain Log to Mr. County Council Stork. There would, nevertheless, be one advantage which Mr. Irving hardly realized if the structural inspection of theatres was conducted by the County Council—it would be an advantage to the public at large. According to Mr. Irving's evidence, if a dozen of that body came behind the scenes during a performance, *some of them would be killed*. There has been so much abuse of the Lord Chamberlain's office, however, that it is very satisfactory to have a sober view of the subject—the view of one who is far more qualified to speak than all the Ibsenseless critics put together. Had it not been for the much-abused Lord Chamberlain, the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play would have been brought on the boards of the Royal Westminster Aquarium. This vulgar project was seriously discussed after the performance of 1880. To turn to the question of the censorship. If for the Lord Chamberlain's censorship were substituted a Committee of the County Council, we should have no guarantee against an elaborate system of blackmail being formed—in fact, a reversion to the corrupt methods of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Some plumber, disguised as an architect and as ugly as his own buildings, if refused a stall on a crowded night, might report all kinds of terrible things. What would happen, too, if Mr. Parkinson were on the Committee for licensing plays or reporting on buildings? There would be a great deal of *license*, we fear. Mr. Henry Irving's experience of that august assembly has doubtless "damaged the palate of the appreciation," as the Orientals would say; and even his good humour and patience might break down under such a strain. We trust that the New Inquisition is still a long way off. Mr. Irving's evidence will have done much to that end.

RACING.

AFTER Northampton we had a very pleasant day's sport under National Hunt Rules at Kempton, and the weather was genial and springlike. The Stewards' Steeplechase was contested by a good field, and Willie Blair, admirably ridden by W. Nightingall, after having looked hopelessly out of it, by the fact of Terror and Owick running wide at the last fence, was enabled to get up and win a most exciting race. Lord Alington's Stop, a colt that came out with a great reputation at Ascot as a two-year-old, and who disappointed his connexions in a hurdle-race at the last meeting at Kempton, made some amends for previous disappointments by winning the March Hurdle Handicap from Ecuador and a fair field.

Two horses well stricken in years—Magic and Parasite—each won a steeplechase, and then The Midshipmite was not set a very hard task to beat Mosquito at 22 lbs., that fine horse Bloodstone having broken down in the race. He has long been a performer under National Hunt Rules, and will most likely go to the stud; and, as he is one of the only grandsons in direct male line of the great Touchstone alive, and moreover a fine horse, he should prove an acquisition to breeders. This reminds us that another old warrior has taken leave of the racecourse, the handsome and well-bred Spahi, and has found a new home at Underdale near Shrewsbury. As Conductor, St. Galmier (another fine horse and well known under National Hunt Rules), Ellesmere, and Spahi all hold court in Shropshire, that county is sure to sustain its reputation as a nursery for cross-country horses. Croxton Park showed us that Mr. Barclay's Lord Arthur is as fast a hunter as Leicestershire can produce, and enhances Father O'Flynn's Grand National victory.

Leicester on Friday and Saturday was better patronized than has usually been the case. Deerstalker won the Billesden Plate cleverly, and as he is very useful over hurdles, as his recent successes show, he has paid his way well of late. It was pleasant to see Dunvegan carry the pretty colours of so good a patron of racing as Lord Durham in the Melton Plate, but it was a close thing with Ram Lal. Mr. C. F. Young won the Excelsior Breeders' Foal Stakes with a nice colt, Knight of Snowdoun, who had run second to Hippona at Liverpool. Mr. Young was good enough judge to pick up this colt under the hammer last year for 150 guineas, so he did a very good stroke of business, as the Leicester race is a valuable one. The Leicestershire Handicap on the second day brought out a field of a dozen, and little Bradford, who is riding in rare form this spring, landed Mr. A. Cooper's Favonian a winner by half a length from Mounteagle. The winner was bred in Ireland, and is by Favo out of Berengaria. He ran once as a two-year-old, and last year he only carried silk twice, being "Mr. Abington's" property—he was sold by that gentleman to his present owner last autumn for 250*l*. Not a bad deal, as the value of the Leicester race was 928*l*.

Epsom Meeting was ushered in with beautiful weather on Tuesday. Mr. W. Cooper's The Lover beat Magistrate for the Trial Stakes at a difference of 30 lbs., somewhat cleverly, if not easily. The Lover was thought to be a useful colt last year, but disappointed his owner more than once. Lord Alington won the Holmwood Two-Year-Old Stakes with the not very nicely-named Lucky Devil, a filly by Hawkstone out of Lucky Shot, bred by his Lordship, and not trained—as most of his horses are—by John Porter, but by Walters of Pimperne. The winner was entered to be sold for 200, but was run up to 1,150 guineas before she became Mr. W. Cooper's property. The Great Surrey Handicap was won after a good race by Colonel Oliver Montagu's chestnut colt Noverre, Colonel North running second with Rough and Ready. The victory of Noverre tells us what a real good horse Prince Hampton must be over a short course, when we remember how he beat Noverre cleverly at Liverpool, giving him 24 lbs. Eleven came to the post for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and a warm favourite was found in Ilsey, whose Northampton victory had not earned him a penalty. The Northamptonshire Stakes hero, Colorado, had a 10 lbs. penalty to put up, but even this additional impost did not prevent his winning fairly easily by a length from Madame Neruda II., Ilsey being third, three lengths away. The aged and savage Sea Song, who has so often shown his liking for the Epsom course, won the Banstead Stakes after a great race from another well-known Epsom performer,

Taxus. The latter was the favourite of the two, and his owner, Sir J. Miller, purchased the winner for 290 guineas. We fancy he has no great bargain in the savage old horse. Gateshead, by St. Gatien, won the Westminster Plate cleverly from a Galliard colt of Mr. Rose's; and in the Prince of Wales's Stakes backers made a mistake when they thought that the Leicester winner, Favonian, would be able to carry his penalty successfully. He, however, was only third to Tudor and Ben, the former winning fairly easily by two lengths, only a head separating second and third.

For some reason or other the City and Suburban had not been so much quoted as a medium of speculation this year as has usually been the case. Wednesday was again a glorious day; indeed, we could easily have imagined ourselves at the Summer Meeting, if only the Paddock hedge had come out into leaf. There was plenty of enjoyment to be obtained in the Paddock in reviewing the contestants for the City and Suburban. Twenty-two runners were sent to the post, and for the most part in fairly good trim; but some, we venture to think, will be fitter later on. One of these, we consider, is Alice, whose chance we thought a great one if she could be delivered in good condition; but the winter has been severe and prolonged at Middleham, and we have still hopes of seeing her win a good race this summer. Lord Rosslyn won with Buccaneer, a beautiful, lengthy bay colt, whose form in the Ebor Handicap last year was most meritorious—Trapezoid was second and Catarina, who had been well tried, and was much fancied by Mr. T. Jennings, was third. Sam Pickering now trains for Lord Rosslyn, and he has not been long in showing that he learnt his art thoroughly under Jewitt and his mentor, Captain Machell. Buccaneer is by Privateer out of Primula, and was early last season the property of Mr. Ralph Sneyd. He was purchased, after a selling race which he won in that gentleman's colours, by a stable confederate, Mr. R. Moncrieffe, for 500 guineas, though the *Racing Calendar* says the winner was "bought in" for that sum. Mr. Moncrieffe sold the colt to Lord Rosslyn for, we believe, 2,500 guineas, which was considered at the time to have been a very good deal for the seller; but the buyer, by winning two such good handicaps as the Ebor and City and Suburban, has not much to complain of, especially as Buccaneer won two good Cups last autumn at Edinburgh into the bargain. It is very satisfactory also to those who take an interest in racing to find previous form come out consistently. Last April, at Salisbury, Buccaneer, 8 st. 11 lbs., won by a neck from Trapezoid, 8 st. 8 lbs., Insurance, 7 st. 13 lbs., being a bad third. In the City and Suburban Buccaneer again gave Trapezoid 3 lbs. and won, Insurance, who was set to give his former conquerors 2 lbs. and 5 lbs. respectively, being beaten. Lady Rosebery was bound on all form to win the Epsom Cup, which she accordingly did.

We had omitted to say that Lady Rosebery's owner, whose racing name, "Mr. Abington," is so well-known in sporting circles, had a most awkward fall at Leicester, whilst riding Bransdale, but the latest reports are that he is going on favourably. Next week will be almost a blank, as far as racing is concerned, and we have only to add to our article to-day that, just as we are sending the parcel off, we hear of the death of James Goater, the jockey. He was one of our oldest jockeys, and has of late years not had much riding, but a few years ago he had few superiors in his profession.

REVIEWS.

MR. FURNEAUX'S TACITUS.*

THE later books of the *Annals* are so interesting in themselves, and the notices which they contain are of such unique importance for the history of Britain, that an English edition will be received with pleasure. Mr. Furneaux has already, by his edition of the earlier books, secured the favour of the annal-reading public, and is likely to increase this good opinion by his treatment of these, the later books. In the first part of his work Tacitus does not appear at his best. He is always greater as a depicter of the individual than as a historian in the

broader sense of the word. "The chief duty of annals," he says, "is to ensure that virtuous acts may not be forgotten, and that men may be prevented from saying evil words or doing evil deeds by the dread of lasting infamy." (B. iii. c. 65.) The first six books are almost confined to the portrait of Tiberius; but, subtly as the lines are drawn, the reader is not quite persuaded. He feels that at the best it is but half a picture. Granting the cruelty, the dissimulation, the sensuality of Tiberius, he was yet a great ruler, who for two and twenty years preserved peace and tranquillity throughout the civilized world. Tacitus, the reader feels, writes too much in the spirit of days gone by. He feels for the lost glories of the Senate, for the rise of obsequiousness, and for the fall of social discipline; but he has no feeling for greater Rome—the world of the provinces—which, under the peace of Tiberius, enjoyed an immunity from plunder unknown in the times of republican governors. The great Roman emperors were all of provincial birth; they were the fruit of the seeds planted by the care of Tiberius, this monster of iniquity.

In reading the later books there is no such disturbing element. The characters are fitted for the pen—Caius and Nero, Messalina and Agrippina. After every attempt to find that Tacitus has been misled by prejudice, or has lost sight of important facts, the judgment remains that he was an honest chronicler, who reports "things that were as things that were, and things that were not as things that were not."

The episodes are of matchless interest. Who does not feel pleasure in the first mention of London, "a very populous town, from the number of traders and the quantity of merchandise,"—in the records, alas, too fragmentary, of the conquest of Britain,—in the tale of Caractacus, fearless as a freeman on his native heaths and rocks, and fearless as a captive amid the splendour and wealth of Rome, and of Boadicea—she may be Boudicca in the revised Latin text, but her English name is beyond the reach of commentators—rousing her nation to just vengeance, and choosing death rather than dishonoured life? Who can reproduce the feeling with which the sentences were first read in which Tacitus describes the early Christians in Rome, the tortures which they endured, and his conception of their faith? Carlyle has tried to do so, and his words have power; but the subject is too great both in its historic aspects and in its bearing on our own lives; the reader cannot rest in thoughts suggested by another; he must have his own.

These are some of the themes of which Tacitus treats, and they are mentioned in this way because Mr. Furneaux rises to these themes. He does indeed supply a full commentary; his translations are terse; his knowledge of his author and his power to illustrate his language, either from his other works or from previous Latin writings, is adequate and aptly used. These qualities already appeared in Mr. Furneaux's previous volume, and need not be again discussed. But Mr. Furneaux's aim is to illustrate not only the text, but the work of Tacitus. His book contains, besides text, notes, and two valuable indices, one to the text and one to the notes, two summaries of events, which fill up the gaps of the books lost between the sixth and eleventh, and between the sixteenth and the death of Nero. This is a great help, especially to the junior student, who wishes, in forming his views of history, to be able to glance over a whole period. Besides these summaries there are four introductory chapters dealing with the text, with Tacitus's account of the Emperors and their government, with Parthia and Armenia, and with the conquest of Britain; and two appendices—one containing the fragments of the speech of Claudius discovered at Lyons in the year 1524, and the other a discussion of the Neronian persecution.

Mr. Furneaux apologizes for the "inordinate length" of these chapters, but his apology, for reasons already indicated, was hardly necessary. The subjects discussed are those on which the general reader who has already grappled with the difficulties of the text will wish to know the views of a new editor, and the junior scholar will find his labours lessened and his comprehension enlarged by the method employed.

In the chapter on characters and government, the treatment of Seneca and Lucan, and again of Corbulo and Thrasea, is very successful. To a young student, apt to divide men into the good and the bad on Bunyan's method, Seneca, so great in words and in certain actions, so false and timeserving in others, is a great difficulty. Mr. Furneaux is discriminating, and shows that an immense intellectual versatility, united with the ambition to possess power and use it for good ends, must, in the times under discussion, descend to base and false means. Similarly, in discussing Corbulo, he does not follow Tacitus in making him a hero, nor deny that he had the petty jealousy as well as the hardihood and ability of early commanders; but he makes more prominent that he was a loyal soldier, faithful to his master to the last, and unsuspecting. He shows, also, as Tacitus hardly

* *The Annals of Tacitus.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Henry Furneaux, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Vol. II. Books XI.-XVI. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

does, that Corbulo's death failed to "encourager les autres," but was answered by the revolt of the provincial legions.

In his treatment of Claudius alone have we felt inclined to disagree with Mr. Furneaux. He does point out that his government of the European provinces "constitutes an era"; that the occupation of Britain was marked by "forethought and strategic ability"; that his foreign policy was "bold"; and colonization "received an energetic impulse." He suggests that the credit of these measures is due to Claudius's advisers. Undoubtedly it may be so, and the traditional view that Claudius was an imbecile, as well as a poltroon and drunkard, may be correct. Yet the speech of Claudius in granting admission to the Senate to Gallia Comata argues policy as well as ability; and we could have wished to see the learner at least referred to Amédée Thierry's *Tableau de l'Empire Romain*, where a different view is maintained.

The chapter on Parthia and Armenia throws light on two very difficult and complex subjects—the political relations of these countries, and the campaigns of Corbulo. Tacitus is an abominable geographer, and his accounts of military manoeuvres are distinguished by brevity. These faults are met by Mr. Furneaux by a lucid description of the leading features of Armenian geography, and by a connected account of the campaigns. Both are illustrated by a map, which, excellent as it is, would have served its purpose better had a few more elevations been given. When, for example, it is realized that Artaxata lies in a low valley, with mountains towering 7,000 feet high on one side and 15,000 on the other, it becomes plain why soldiers in Artaxata suffered from dysentery, "the curse of armies," in the height of a continental summer. The chapter on the Conquest of Britain passes in review the relations between Rome and Britain from the time of Julius Cæsar to the end of the Neronian period. The writer has availed himself of the knowledge brought to light in recent years from Roman inscriptions collected by Hübner and from British coins collected by Dr. John Evans, and he has endeavoured to supplement Tacitus's failure as a geographical and military writer. Much research has been spent on the chapter, which will be interesting to all readers; a map might perhaps have been added, as has been done for Armenia.

The appendix on the Neronian Persecution of the Christians is also of great interest. In this, however, Mr. Furneaux seems to deal with Tacitus somewhat harshly. He speaks of his "animosity," his "extreme bitterness towards Christianity." Is not this a little Tacitean, perhaps unchristian? There are few subjects on which Tacitus refuses himself the luxury of bitter words. Thrasea, whom elsewhere he describes as "perfect virtue" (*virtus ipsa*), is condemned by him for leaving the Senate rather than join in the vote of thanksgiving on Agrippina's murder, in words which Mr. Furneaux truly characterizes as "un-generous." Does Tacitus treat the Christians with any different measure than he metes to his own friends? We have thought once, twice, thrice, on the subject, and think that he does not. He says that the Christians were guiltless of setting Rome on fire, but were undoubtedly guilty of "hatred of the human race." This certainly is startling as a misstatement of fact, but, as an opinion, seems very natural. Tacitus's ideal of life was a Roman ideal, of man engaged in public duties, whose chief virtue was courage. The Christian not only held aloof from public life, but could not even take part in the friendly intercourse of society, where he was confronted at every step by some necessary acquiescence in polytheism; he was not "of the world," and Tacitus thought he was not a man. To put the question in another light: Tacitus saw in their beginnings two forms of society destined greatly to influence and alter the history of Europe. One was the fearless and generous spirit of the German barbarian; the other was the power of Christianity to suffer and endure. He saw the greatness of one, and failed to see the greatness of the other. Would it not have been too much had he been equally prescient in both?

In touching on the subject of early Christianity we refer with greater pleasure to Mr. Furneaux's note on *Pomponia Græcina* (B. xiii. c. 32). His learning is able to confirm the impression that this lady was one of the earliest Christians in Rome. The few words in which Tacitus describes her are very characteristic of his power. We have the picture of a lady of rank, wife of one of the conquerors of Britain, arraigned on the charge of "foreign superstition." A court is formed, according to ancient custom, by her male relations, who try her for her life. The great soldier is president of the court, and pronounces the verdict, Not Guilty. A long life follows, forty years of sorrow and mourning, till on her old age there falls a certain evening light. This incident, the suffering life of a pure and loving woman, set on the dark background of Messalinas, Agrippinas, and Poppæas, who formed

the society in which she lived, has a grand effect. In a moment it clears the atmosphere; it recalls the reader to the world of human feeling, and suggests rather than declares the true dignity of life. Many readers must have felt that she was probably sustained in her trials by Christian patience, and will be grateful to Mr. Furneaux for this, among other reasons, that he not only shares the belief, but is able to make it something more than a probability.

NOVELS.*

WHEN a writer has produced so much literary work, and work on the whole of such respectable quality, as Mrs. Oliphant, she (or as it might be he) receives from the critical world something of the decorous reception awarded by the House of Commons to a political veteran, no matter which side he sits on, who has won his spurs, no matter which party he has kicked. A new novel by Mrs. Oliphant; is it better or worse? that is not the point, it's Mrs. Oliphant. And truly *The Marriage of Elinor* is not the worst of all that have preceded it in the long processes of time. Had ever any writer of fiction the faculty of writing about it and about it like Mrs. Oliphant? The veriest crumb of circumstance serves as solid stratum for such decoration of remark, allusion, explanation, contradiction, suggestion, reflection, repetition. And after all one can read it; which is itself a triumphant reply for the veteran author. It must be that *au fond* we are all gossip-mongers and love to talk our friends' affairs over and over and in and out and from every point of view. In this particular case the affairs of the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Compton bear a good deal of discussion. Elinor is one of those wilful, wayward, sweet, unreasonable women who, if they are pretty and young, or as long as they are pretty and young, rule all hearts. Patient women are so tiresome. Elinor is the reverse of patient, and takes her own way in the matter of her marriage, as in most others. It might be wondered at that a sweet, refined, and clever girl as she is should fall so easy a prey to the vulgar Honourable Phil if one didn't see the same thing happen every day. In the long run Elinor had the best of it. She leaves her "dis-Honourable Phil" for some years and trains a splendid son, and then the dis-Honourable one comes back. Elinor tells a noble lie to save him from disgrace; he is touched, and we leave our heroine with a mother, son, husband, and *souffre-douleur* cousin all passionately devoted at her feet, which feet have led her through courses not always defensible and scarcely ever reasonable.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast between two novels than that between *The Marriage of Elinor* and Mrs. J. E. H. Gordon's bright little story, *Eunice Anscombe*. Mrs. Oliphant's flow of narrative, gentle yet not dull; without o'erflowing, full; the deliberate pace of the writer of long experience who knows precisely whereabouts her last page is to be, and how long it will take to get there, is very unlike the rapid immature style of a young writer over her first story, as we presume this volume to be. Clever, original, and bright as *Eunice Anscombe* is, it is more of a promising attempt than a novel. Attempt is a word artists peculiarly resent. It is a "precious balm" that seems more penetrative to the skull than sharpened stone. Singers would rather be told they sang a difficult song badly than that they had attempted it. Still, that is what the novel in question is. With plenty of incident, good situations, clever talk such as is talked in the drawing-rooms of clever people of our day, and shrewd remark from the author herself, the story wants shaping, padding, smoothing, "humouring"—as the tailor remarked of the figure of his corpulent client. The attitude of the three women of the story towards the single hero is original, and they are interestingly introduced. They are all more or less in love with the gentleman whose *grande passion* is for himself. He is a brilliant paradoxical talker, and an adept at flirtatious conversation. He is, however, though rich in words, "but poor in that which makes a lover." He flirts away Eunice's heart as well as her faith; and, so far as the story goes, the poor child does not recover either. The material Mrs. Gordon has provided herself with is abundant, and would have borne extension and dispersion. To say so is to say that the book will amuse, and be wished longer. Two little boys brighten every page they appear on with their comical and original sayings and doings.

* *The Marriage of Elinor*. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Eunice Anscombe. By Mrs. J. E. H. Gordon. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1892.

A Vicar's Wife. By Evelyn Dickinson. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

Stolen Honey. By Margaret B. Cross. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

A Vicar's Wife is scarcely a pleasant book; but it is certainly strong, and one which will not be laid aside before the conclusion. The name of the writer, Evelyn Dickinson, does not absolutely indicate sex, and, in the momentary fad for anonymity and pseudonymity (if there be such a word), it may be taken for nothing; but the internal evidence is in favour of its feminine explanation. The strength has not an air of virility, and something of the rancour with which the principal figure is drawn, and the fury of resentment shown against the hypocrisies of society, may possibly be attributed to the gentler half of humanity. The Reverend Markham Fletcher, who is the "Vicar," is an egoist, not after the fashion of Sir Willoughby Patterne—that glass in which every human countenance that looks can see itself—but in the sense which seems to justify the ancient belief in possession. His self-love grows monstrous under his incessant feeding. He develops into a domestic fiend, and he ends twenty times over a murderer in spirit, though he takes no actual life. The author pursues him with whips of scorpions, and leaves no spot unlashd. His cloth, far from protecting him, acts like a red flag to the author's indignation. Priesthood has no sacredness for her. Evelyn Dickinson is clever enough to make her own characters and arrange her own plots, as this story very well shows, but we venture to suggest that a gentler touch would have been more effective, and in addition that more artistic symmetry would have been gained by making the fate of Lucia (the "Vicar's wife") less painful. Under the circumstances in which she leaves her husband, public sympathy would have been with, not against, her. The day is gone by when a woman, who is a wife, is necessarily adjudged wrong in every matrimonial difficulty. It is true that a faithful lover is waiting for Lucia when her brute is dead, and we may hope she may have some cessation of her misery, but the author grudges to tell us so. There are points in this story where the pen has leaned heavily, and coarsened the effect, but not non-naturally so. Such cases as that of the unhappy Avis Fletcher, the child of inherited evil and the sport of passion, are in the memory of every one.

Mrs. Margaret B. Cross seems, in her novel *Stolen Honey*, scarcely to be aware of the seriousness of her subject, nor has she treated it quite in the manner people of honour, to say nothing of stern moralists, can approve. Major Blake is a man who has seen distinguished service in India and Africa, is a soldier and a gentleman, has won the Victoria Cross, and has reached the ripe and reasonable age of forty without a single blot on his reputation or a scintilla, to use the lawyer's favourite word, of evidence of moral turpitude. Yet when he succeeds to the family estate, retires, and comes home to England, he proceeds to woo and win the love of a sweet and serious girl, and to marry her, well knowing that he has an intoxicated wife hidden away in Cornwall, to whom he makes an allowance of two hundred a year, on condition she lets him alone. The girl is the daughter of the Vicar, his old tutor, and his oldest family friend, and her mother is afflicted with heart disease; yet our military hero takes them all in with a light heart, and commits bigamy—which seems the least part of his offence. Things go on pleasantly until the intoxicated wife dies, and here the author must be congratulated on having avoided the obvious and odious platitude of introducing her upon the scene. An heir is expected, and a private marriage is gone through at the registrar's office in London. So far the sympathy of the reader has been wholly on the side of the injured girl; but it presently receives a knock-down blow. As soon as Mrs. Blake is, in fact, Mrs. Blake, she declines to be Mrs. Blake, except in name. Here is one of the conjugal imbrolios women are so apt to introduce into their novels, forgetful that they cannot write plainly about the matter. And when, further, Mrs. Blake is found providing herself with a vulgar lover, and sipping wine with him in a shady London restaurant, the sympathy abandons both husband and wife. Mrs. Cross writes pleasantly, though she has chosen unpleasant subjects in *Stolen Honey*, and her faculty lies more in describing the innocent flirtations of the young people scattered through her pages than in grasping larger emotions or sounding perilous depths.

HISTORY OF SLIGO.*

LOCAL histories almost always become dreary when they get to recent times, and this volume, the third—though the title-page does not say so—and last, of Colonel Wood-Martin's *History of Sligo, County and Town*, is not an exception to this rule. It is, indeed, a rule little likely to be often broken; for a

local historian is generally, and certainly ought to be, an inhabitant of the town or district about which he writes, and being so, he will probably regard local events of, or near, his own time—the building of a new police-court or the opening of a Masonic Lodge—as invested with an importance quite unintelligible to an outsider. As, however, this thick volume starts from the Revolution of 1688, the larger part of it would have been interesting enough if Colonel Wood-Martin had made the most of his materials. Unfortunately he seems to have thought it more incumbent on him to leave nothing unrecorded than to present a certain number of selected facts in an agreeable form; he writes without animation, and his stories do not come off. Some points on which he dwells, though they primarily concern the county or town of Sligo, have also a wider bearing. In his first chapter we have notices of the Volunteer movement of 1782, and one or two examples of the manner in which it was used for political purposes. Volunteering of a more salutary kind was well taken up in Sligo during the French war, and three infantry and four cavalry corps were formed in the county in 1796, and two years later did good service at Vinegar Hill. Before long the Sligo infantry were engaged nearer home against the French under General Humbert. Although the Roman Catholic peasants of the county joined the French, and had indeed anxiously expected their arrival, neither the gentry, who for the most part belonged to the Church of England, nor the respectable farmers would rise, and the French complained that they had been deceived into believing that they would be joined by the whole force of the county, whereas their only allies were undisciplined barbarians. In the chapter on the political history of Sligo the malpractices that prevailed at the Parliamentary elections for the borough are faithfully recorded. At a bye-election in 1856, to fill the vacancy caused by the suicide of the notorious John Sadleir, the officials deliberately transferred votes given for the Conservative candidate to his antagonist. The measure of the borough's iniquity was filled up at the election of 1868 when Captain King was shot dead as he was about to enter the Court-house to vote for Major Knox, the Conservative candidate. Major Knox declared that the election and subsequent petition cost him nearly 8,000*l.*, though there do not appear to have been more than 520 voters in the borough; he was acquitted by a Special Commission of any knowledge of bribery, and the borough was disfranchised.

After dealing with the pestilences and famines that have from time to time visited Sligo in the course of the last two hundred years, with its public buildings, and the changes in its population, Colonel Wood-Martin gives us a chapter on "Roads, Streets, and Communications." He tells us that in the last century the country people used to go to market in "slide-carts," or sledges, greatly to the detriment of the roads, and that carts of a somewhat similar kind are still used in the district for drawing loads over soft ground. Farmers also used carts with solid wheels and a revolving axle-tree, and when about to drive without a load removed the crib, and screwed a footboard on either side of the frame, turning their carts into "outside cars." Public conveyances were few even in the early years of the present century, only one stage-coach—the Dublin and Londonderry mail—running in 1812 in the whole district between Belfast and Sligo. An advertisement of a new stage-coach, which it was proposed, in 1790, should run between Dublin and Sligo, set forth, as a special attraction to passengers, that the coach was "lined with copper, and therefore completely bullet-proof." In the course of a very full account of the trade and manufactures of the town and county, Colonel Wood-Martin, after pointing out that, in spite of the tendency of trade to leave small seaports since the introduction of large steamships, the trade of Sligo has steadily progressed during the last twenty years, goes on to observe that the town is at a disadvantage, in that it has no deep-water berths, and merchants are therefore forced to discharge heavy cargoes five miles off, which entails much expense in lighterage. The Harbour Commissioners have been pressing Government to grant them a loan for the improvement of the port. Among the industries of the county that have now fallen into decay the manufacture of linen held a high place. If Strafford's work in promoting this industry in Ireland ever affected Sligo, all trace of it had disappeared from the district before the middle of the eighteenth century, when no linen was made for sale, though a good deal of weaving was carried on for home use. The manufacture was started at Ballymote by Lord Shelburne about 1756, and by the end of the century "afforded more or less occupation throughout the county." The business was, however, run on a minimum of profit, and the manufacture was fostered by artificial encouragements. For a short time large quantities of yarn were supplied to England, as much as was worth 80,000*l.* being exported in the year 1775.

* *History of Sligo, County and Town, from the Close of the Revolution of 1688 to the Present Time.* With Illustrations. By W. G. Wood-Martin, Colonel Sligo Artillery, Author of "The Lake Dwellings of Ireland" &c. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1892.

After 1815 the trade rapidly declined, and about twenty years later had almost disappeared. In his chapter on "Manners and Customs," Colonel Wood-Martin assigns a prominent place to duelling, but his stories are scarcely worth repeating. He briefly notices the "Theshers" and the tithe agitation, refers to some recent outrages, and records the satisfactory testimony borne by Lord Chief Justice O'Brien in 1890 as to the restoration of order in the county. Most of the local superstitions about which he writes are not uncommon in other parts, though his description of the "cursing-stones" in the island of Inismurray, and the "straining-stone" near the churchyard at Killery, will, we think, be read with some interest. Strings or threads that have been tied round the "straining-stone," with the proper rites, are still held to have virtue in all cases of aches and pains, and are, it is said, sent for from America by emigrants from the neighbourhood of Killery. In times not long past, Sunday was, after mass, devoted to sports, and specially to "cake-dancing," which is fully described in Colonel Wood-Martin's last chapter. Another noteworthy custom which lasted into the present century was the use of hot-air baths of a primitive kind. The baths were taken in little huts generally of bee-hive shape called "sweat-houses." These huts were built of rough stones covered with clay, and were heated by a turf fire which was lighted inside them. When the turf had burnt out, the ashes were raked off the floor and green rushes were spread over it; and after the little building had cooled down sufficiently, the bathers entered it, and the low doorway was closed up by a wooden screen. Many of these huts are marked on the first map of the county, and a hut still existing in Inismurray is said to have been built for the purpose. This volume contains a good many illustrations, the larger ones being for the most part reproductions by process from photographs, a map of the county, and an appendix of lists of claims allowed to "suffering loyalists" after the rebellion of 1798, Members of Parliament for the county and borough, birds met with in the county, and various other matters.

BERNIER'S TRAVELS.*

IT is pleasant to see the famous old title of "Constable's Miscellany" revived, and not unpleasant to see it specialized by the addition of "Oriental"—especially as the series opens with a new and improved translation of Bernier's travels. For Bernier's was almost the first book, with that of Tavernier, to give the Western world a fresh and shrewd idea of what was going on in the great Empire of Hindustan. As having done this, it must be counted among the agents in inspiring English youth with the idea of shaking the pagoda tree. Alas, for intentions and results! Bernier wrote under Colbert's patronage, with nothing so far from his mind as the notion of doing any good to England. But fate and certain shrewd traders, and the ill-luck of Dupleix, and the stars of Clive and Hastings, meant otherwise, and we are where we are—though what we shall be is another question.

Mr. Constable has produced his book with all the painful excellence of typography which has so long characterized, and now characterizes as much as ever, the famous allied Edinburgh house; and with divers special oddities, such as a paper of slips filled in, catalogue fashion, for taking a note of the title of the book. His version is a distinct improvement on its original, his notes (excepting a few rather whimsical divagations) both learned and apposite, his illustrations, for the price of the book, which is but six shillings net, astonishingly good. He does not, of course, fail to dwell on the particular interest for students of English literature which Bernier's book has, in that it directly inspired one of the last and best examples of English rhyming tragedy, Dryden's famous *Aurengzebe*, one passage of which—the famous

When I consider life 'tis all a cheat—

is among the finest things of its class in English poetry. Mr. Constable, by the way, has not been exhaustive in his research among the commentators on this play, or he would have found that his perfectly true criticism of Johnson's singular remarks as to the Emperor's possible resentment is not as novel as he seems to think. But this is a matter of very little importance, and it is satisfactory to see that he himself has read Dryden more carefully than the great "chawn," as Dryden himself would have spelt it, of eighteenth-century literature did.

* *Constable's Oriental Miscellany*. Vol. I. *Bernier's Travels*. London: Constable & Co. 1892.

PEN-DRAWING.*

IF we look at this handsome gift-book merely as an agreeable production of the press, full of interesting and diverting pictures and text in round large type, we have no difficulty in appraising it. But it claims to be a good deal more than this, and before we admit it to be the representative contribution to art-literature which its author desires to have it considered we must look a little closely into its contents. Mr. Harper is aware that it may be supposed that Mr. Joseph Pennell's *Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen* of 1889 has cut the ground from under the later writer's feet. But Mr. Harper consoles himself by believing that he treats thoroughly a province of the whole subject sketched by his predecessor. Mr. Pennell dealt with all living pen-draughtsmen, and Mr. Harper only with English ones. All jackdaws are birds, although all birds are not jackdaws, and Mr. Harper's is a monograph on jackdaws:—

A careful perusal of that excellently-produced volume showed me how incomplete was that section in which English art was despatched, and how many most admirable artists were unrepresented. The reading of Mr. Pennell's book showed me that not only did it not bar my own project, but that its publication rendered the pursuance of this work the more advisable.

We accordingly expect from Mr. Harper a complete catholicity of taste, and a careful selection from all the leading pen-draughtsmen now living in England. In a certain direction we find him liberal enough, and some people will say a great deal too liberal. Here are chapters devoted to very youthful and very obscure artists, who certainly never expected to be put so prominently before the public. We should not grudge them their elevation if it were not gained at the cost of artists universally known and valued. Here, for instance, are found the illustrators of *Pick-me-up* and *The People's Journal*, who, no doubt, are clever enough in their way. But Sir John Millais is only mentioned in passing with a slighting phrase, and Sir Frederick Leighton is not included at all. We cannot but think that these gentlemen have done more for pen-drawing in England than even the illustrious stars of *Pick-me-up*. What is to be said of a monograph of English pen-draughtsmen which boasts of being exhaustive, and yet altogether forgets to include Mr. Frank Dicksee and Mr. T. Blake Wirgman, Mr. William Small and Mr. Herkomer? It may be a very interesting and able congeries of notes on certain branches of the subject; but it must not pretend to be complete. Perhaps Mr. Harper's gushing confession that he thinks Sir John Gilbert "one of the greatest draughtsmen who ever practised the art of pen-drawing in these islands" may throw some light on the limitations of his taste; but it hardly explains his cynical disdain of so many artists of very high distinction.

The appearance of this book, however—a book which for what it gives can hardly but be admired—suggests some curious reflections regarding the democratization of pen-drawing within the last few years. It is no longer considered needful to have passed through a careful, still less an academic, training. The general average of draughtsmanship has risen to a remarkable degree, and clever illustrators now hang upon every blackberry-bush. We fear that too often the blackberries are their only food. Illustrations are so easily to be found, and a certain clever knack is so common, that an artist of this class cannot now command a decent price, unless something in the individuality of his touch or his surpassing merit make him a favourite with the public. Mr. Harper introduces to us a multitude of names, and has words of praise for all of them; but he will find it difficult to persuade us that the majority of these draughtsmen have any further function than to please or amuse us for a moment, and then to pass away. Is our esteemed contemporary *Pick-me-up* awaiting an immortality among bibliophiles? If so, why not our still more valued contemporary *Ally Sloper*, where there is certainly to be found pen-work of daring and individual design, carried out with distinguished bravura? It is laurel, laurel, all the way, in Mr. Harper's pages, and the smaller the artists the more roses are flung in their paths like mad.

As we glance through this book we meet with many old favourites and some new friends. We are glad that the accident of alphabetical arrangement has given prominence to the name of Mr. Fred Barnard, an artist of the old school, but one whose humour, spirit, and versatility are of the first order. What Mr. Harper says about Mr. Barnard is appreciative; but we are not quite satisfied with the four specimens he selects. Not one quite gives an idea of Mr. Barnard's fun, comic as it is in the full spirit of the humour of Dickens. We do not follow Mr. Harper when he says that Mr. Barnard's "serious drawings have that last

* *English Pen-Artists of To-day*. Examples of their Work, with some Criticisms and Appreciations. By Charles G. Harper. London: Percival & Co.

touch of realism which is narrowly removed from caricature." Realism does not appear to us to be the proper word to apply to an artist who pre-eminently draws what he fancies life is like, and not what it is. No one can conceive Mr. Barnard's vivid scenes of London squalor drawn on the spot. They are the result of reminiscence acting on a very lively fancy, but realistic is the last adjective to employ in speaking of them.

The author of this volume has an evident prejudice against the American art of our day, and makes some pungent application of his own rules to the work of such men as Messrs. Pennell, Robert Blum, and C. E. Mallows. No doubt something may legitimately be said about the mannerism and the monotony of the American artists, and of their intolerant narrowness of taste. Probably nothing shows how recent the true practice of art is in America more than the inability of these young men to see merit in any work that does not start out of the one or two Continental schools from which their own inspiration proceeds. At the same time, we think Mr. Harper curiously blind to the refinement of the landscape style which was originally due to Fortuny, and which the Americans have carried to an exquisite perfection. Nothing would induce us to depreciate the beautiful drawings of Mr. Pennell, if only because, while he is engaged on these, he cannot be writing to the newspapers to attack his brother-draughtsmen. We think it needless of Mr. Harper, in a treatise on *English Pen Artists of To-day* to dedicate several pages and some elaborate prints to trying to prove that the Americans are plagiarists of Vierge and Martin Rico. If it comes to that, who inspired Mr. Railton and all the other young Englishmen who now plant their cabbages in the Pennell mode?

Some very charming plates adorn Mr. Harper's pages. We are rejoiced to find here the noble "Danae" of Mr. Sandys, which, although well known to private collectors, is, we think, almost new to the public, although engraved nearly thirty years ago. Some of the decorative artists whom Mr. Harper brings forward are well worthy of more general appreciation than the esoteric character of their work has yet insured for them. Mr. Herbert P. Horne's dachshund on p. 84 is remarkably successful. In Mr. Selwyn Image we have a mediæval chapbook illustrator brought unchanged to the doors of the twentieth century. A capital landscape tail-piece, by Mr. Image, adorns p. 87. Mr. Heywood Sumner, with a certain lack of impressiveness, shows a decorative talent of unusual delicacy. To two especial favourites of ours, Mr. Alfred Parsons and Sir George Reid, the pen-work of each of whom is, as he says, astonishing, Mr. Harper does full justice. On the whole, and with the limitations which we have indicated, his book is a useful, as it certainly is a handsome, one.

ON SHIBBOLETHS.*

WE have often thought that *Pereant qui nostra male dixerint* would be a more sensible form of a well-known ejaculation than the received text. Everybody has said everything before everybody else; and nobody who is in either category and has any sense minds either the sequence or the anticipation. But it is a very annoying thing, indeed, to see thoughts and opinions of your own spoilt by clumsy presentment and support. It would, perhaps, be too harsh to say that Mr. Lilly is altogether guilty of the crime thus described. But we may put the fault which we have to find with him very justly and moderately by saying that we like his conclusions much better than his way of enforcing them. With the main, or at least the ostensible, purpose of his book we are in the heartiest agreement. This is an age of shibboleths, and of very silly ones; nor are there many sillier than at least six of the seven which Mr. Lilly has selected, and which are "Progress," "Liberty," "The People," "Public Opinion," "Education," "Women's Rights," and "Supply and Demand," though which of the seven we think least offensive wild horses shall not tear from us. Nay, more; we will concede to Mr. Lilly that nine-tenths of the mischievous nonsense talked in the world of to-day, and of the mischievous action which too often follows on the talk, is directly connected with the use made of the deceiving power of these phrases. If a man should refuse to have anything to do with any innovation in favour of which any one of them is alleged, he would, as a rule, be a wise man; and if his refusal resulted in the innovation being rejected, it would be a better, and merrier, and wiser world than if the change were accepted.

With a great deal, therefore, of what Mr. Lilly says we could cordially agree. But there appears to us to be on the one side no small want of lightness, and on the other no small want of

thoroughgoing, in his exposition and argument generally. Whether the former lack is a defect in both senses may be matter of opinion, not so whether the latter is. Mr. Lilly's concessions, for instance, in the "Progress" chapter cannot fail to be excessively dangerous in the hands of a skilful "fellow on the other side." In the chapter on "Liberty," again, though there is a great amount of truth, there is an equally dangerous forgetfulness of the fact that at the present moment exaggerated ideas of liberty are not the things chiefly to be combated. The danger of the day is the ever-increasing servitude, the constant multiplication of "thou shalt not's" which is being clamoured for and partly enforced by a section of Radicals on the one hand, and by the entire body, no matter what its subdivisions, of Socialists on the other. "The People," again, true in much that it says, is weak and timid in its onslaught on the democratic idea, with which it merely dallies, instead of showing, as can easily be done, that that idea is a mere self-contradictory hypocrisy, not merely bad in its results, but impossible on its own showing. If the chapter on "Public Opinion" seems to us not improved by a diatribe against newspapers, we speak not in the least as magnifying our own office. Mr. Lilly can hardly dislike the silly glorification of "the fourth estate" more than we do. But a very frequent contributor to periodicals (which, after all, are only newspapers writ large) denounces newspapers with a certain lack of gracefulness; and Mr. Lilly's particular denunciations do not display any very intimate acquaintance with the inner facts of the subject. On the fatal subject of "Education" we find Mr. Lilly distracted by a hundred prepossessions and pre-occupations. From his general point of view the attitude to be taken towards the subject is, we think, clear enough. Let there be, by all means, opportunities of education for everybody, opportunities which will in the case of exceptional aptitude and desire admit even of the devotion of an entire life to study, untroubled by thoughts of bread-winning; but on no account have general education, which inevitably diminishes the value as it increases the bulk; on no account have compulsory education, which is an absurdity and a political danger; on no account have free education for the apt and unapt alike, which is unjust to the well-to-do and pauperizing to others. The creed hastily sketched in these few words can be held against any wind of counter-argument that ever blew. But Mr. Lilly's creed is a thing of shreds and patches. He admits universal education and compulsory education, and it seems to us that this admission mars his whole attitude, while his eagerness for denominational education, though we ourselves fully share it for other reasons, is on his theory very hard to support.

We need not follow Mr. Lilly into the more intricate subjects of "Women's Rights" and "Supply and Demand." Here, too, will be found some sensible things, with others not so sensible, and here, too, the same rather curious inability to see the whole question clearly and deal with it uncompromisingly. There is, indeed—and this is our chief objection to it—an odd air throughout the book as if an invisible hand, an unavowed preoccupation, were always on Mr. Lilly, preventing him from seeing without blinkers and letting his elbows play freely in argument. And if this be really the case, the revenge of the great god Shibboleth is something humorous and not altogether unprecedented.

FALCON-LORE.*

NO one can pretend to any acquaintance with English literature, or even with the English language, without being aware how deep an impress has been left upon them by the art and practice of falconry. Such words as "haggard," "eyrie," "mews," "cadger," to "lure," to "stoop," to "reclaim," all belonged originally to the falconer's jargon, and were thence adopted into common parlance. A whole host of well-worn quotations, including the long-misunderstood passage in *Hamlet* about the "hand-saw" (heronshaw), can only be properly explained by reference to the falconer's craft, and several of the most picturesque metaphors used by our best poets derive their virtue from the hawking-field. Mr. Harting's exhaustive work furnishes the English reader for the first time with a key to these words and phrases. It will interest the man of letters, as opening up to him a field of study hitherto but little explored, and reveal to the sportsman a treasure-house of learning into which, if he has any unprejudiced love of field-sports, he can hardly refuse to enter. The records of falcon-lore and hawk-lore are as quaint and curious as those of any lost mediæval institution, and shed

* On *Shibboleths*. By William Samuel Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

* *Bibliotheca Accipitraria: a Catalogue of Books, Ancient and Modern relating to Falconry*. By James Edmund Harting, Librarian to the Linnean Society of London. London: Bernard Quaritch.

a vivid light upon many of the habits of our ancestors which have hitherto been illustrated only in a snatchy and casual way in the pages of Sir Walter Scott and a few other of the more romantic writers for whom the days of chivalry had an instinctive charm.

Of the 378 works catalogued by Mr. Harting in his *Bibliotheca Accipitraria*, the earliest in date seems to be a Chinese book on the Classification of Falcons, written by one Wei Yen Chin, in the time of the Soni dynasty, about 600 A.D. It is followed at no great distance by a Japanese chronicle, written in 720 by Prince Tonerino Sinwo. From this latter, as well as from some other evidence, it appears that the art was brought to Japan in A.D. 239 from Southern China. How long it had then been in practice in the Celestial Empire it is not easy to say. But the tradition, mentioned with approval by the Japanese writer Akizato Rito, that it was known there in 2000 B.C., may be regarded as mythical. Mr. Harting seems to lean to the belief that the earliest historic mention of the sport is found in Ctesias and Ælian, who aver that it was practised in Central Asia about 400 B.C. These writers declare confidently that at this time it was altogether unknown both in India and Persia; but those who know the ingenious character of the Chinese people will more easily believe that the craft came from China westward than that it originated with the rude shepherds and smiths of Turkestan. A wrong reference at p. 13 deprives us of the evidence which seems to have been adduced in support of the belief that hawking was practised in Europe in the third century B.C.

That the sport first came to Europe from the plains of Central Asia is affirmed by Gibbon. But the Lombard falconers of the dark ages boasted no chronicler; and the first European work of any merit upon the subject was written by no less a personage than the Emperor Frederick II. This elaborate treatise, on which the Imperial author spent as much as thirty years, is in Latin, and is no wise unworthy of the illustrious author. The precepts therein given may be regarded as the foundation upon which modern European falconry has grown up, although in certain particulars the author's advice has not been followed. An instance is afforded by the fashion long established in Europe of carrying the hawk on the left hand. Now Frederick II., who learnt his falconry through his grandfather, Barbarossa, who had himself learnt in Syria, recommends that the hawk be carried on either hand, according to the direction of the wind, a piece of advice which every practical falconer will well appreciate. This may have been a compromise between the Asiatic habit of carrying hawks on the right and the chivalresque custom of reserving the right as the "sword-arm." But the more warlike prejudice soon prevailed in feudal countries, and the plea of the Emperor for gloving the right hand in leather has long ago been forgotten. It is strange, by the way, to observe that in one of Mr. Harting's illustrations taken from the Ehon Taka Kagami (picture-book-falcon-mirror), a Japanese falconer, splendidly appraised, is seen with a falcon on the left wrist.

The Japanese works on falconry catalogued by Mr. Harting number no less than fourteen, the Arabic thirteen, the Persian eight. Unfortunately the Indian peninsula, still one of the favourite homes of this pastime, has not furnished one example of an author on the subject. Before the twelfth century at least the art should have made its way into the Punjab, as it had always a literature of its own in Persia and the Arabic-speaking countries. The succeeding century introduces us to a Greek author, Demetrius, the physician of Michael Palæologus, who was himself devoted not only to the flying but also to the training of hawks. Mr. Harting notices, with true critical acumen, that in the treatise of this Greek writer no mention is made of "hooding," nor of "waiting on"—the virtue *par excellence* of the modern game-hawk. The Greek section of the catalogue is enriched by the excellent reproduction of "a Falconer of Cyprus," from Skelton's engraving of Lord Carlisle's picture by Titian. From the Greek to the Russian authors is a long but easy transition; and the very first of the latter holds Imperial rank. This is the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch, who was passionately addicted to this sport, and set up an enormous hawking establishment at a short distance from Moscow. Last of the six Russian authors is the late Mr. Haller, who formed a hawking club in 1884, and offered prizes to be competed for by hawks of all nations. Opposite the mention of Mr. Haller's important book is a capital reproduction of modern Turkestan falconers carrying that gigantic bird of the chase, the Berhut, or Tartar eagle. This group, with another of Indian falconers carrying sakers, and a third of Arabs with trained lancers, forms a most attractive feature in the catalogue, and helps, like the Japanese portrait already mentioned, to give the book a cosmopolitan flavour.

The Spanish authors, numbering no less than thirty-eight, include Sancho VI. of Navarre; and Calderon, whose verses on

heron-hawking are cited, with a translation. The thirty-five Italians comprise Lorenzo de Medici, of whom a portrait is given, and whose verses on partridge-hawking are quoted, almost side by side with an old Italian engraving on the same subject. The French works number 84, and include the curious poem "Le Livre du Faucon," and the still more curious "Livre du Roi Modus," the practical treatise of D'Arcussia—still unsurpassed in value—the fine illustrated volume of Schlegel and Wulverhorst, and several meritorious productions of quite recent date. Of English writers the best are Turberville, Latham, Sir John Sebright, Col. Thornton, Salvin and Brodrick (illustrated), and the two charming little sketches by the Rev. G. E. Freeman.

Mr. Harting's book shows us how long is the list of famous historical characters who have been devoted to Falconry. Besides the sovereigns already mentioned, Catherine II. of Russia was an enthusiastic admirer of the merlin, the "lady's hawk." Henry I. of England, according to a provincial writer, "loved hawks more than any one else," and wrote a book about them. The story of Henry VIII. and the leaping pole is said to be historic; and the love of Mary Queen of Scots for the sport nearly caused the loss of his place to Sir Ralph Sadler, Grand Falconer to Queen Elizabeth. But James I. seems to have been the keenest patron of hunting in this country, and vied in that respect with Louis XIII. of France. Modern times have produced two princes (in Holland and Russia) who delighted in the old sport of kings; but its chief patrons within this century have been the country gentlemen in France and England, some of whom—such as Fleming of Barochan and Clough Newcome—find a well-merited place in the illustrations to Mr. Harting's book. A glossary of technical terms, and a vocabulary of polyglot words, with a carefully compiled index, complete this work, which is in all respects worthy both of the Librarian of the Linnean Society and of the interesting subject with which he deals.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.*

THERE are difficulties about making an anthology on the usual plan. To begin with, you have to select your examples, and your selection is certain to be adversely criticized. Then some of your authors may be alive, or recently deceased, and questions of copyright may arise. Moreover, you have to print the poems, or parts of poems, just as they stand, when, very likely, most advantageous emendations burst from your teeming brain, and you long to be able to put them in. And perhaps, above all, it is irksome to be confined to poems that anybody else could print if he chose, and which plenty of other people have printed. Mr. J. L. Joynes has devised another and a better way. He has written all the poems himself. This has enabled him to make them all such as he would approve, and has the further advantage that they cannot be read elsewhere than in his own volume. Moreover, if any one has the bad taste to dislike them, the fault is clearly attributable, not to Mr. Joynes, but to the anthologized poet.

The best way of giving some idea of the beauty of the work with which Mr. Joynes has enriched the English language will be to quote a few passages by well-known poets (per Mr. Joynes). Is not the following, for instance, a passage that must be dear to any true admirer of the genius of Mr. Swinburne?—

Time's hand must deface and deform us,
As year upon year drifts by,
But its bastions bold and enormous
Still front the wide sky.

The magnificent poem containing these lines (and, we are happy to say, 184 others) is entitled *On Lonely Shores*. One other extract will suffice to demonstrate its merit:—

Though nor rudder nor oarage are idle
In the roll of the reflux wave,
Will they gain from the fates for their bridal
A home or a grave?

It must surely be Longfellow who addresses the following observations "To the Owl":—

Then when weird nightmares howl,
Witches and sprites that prowl
Owning their lord do allegiance to thee.

and these:—

Then at thy grimly call,
Though the shades dimly fall,
Fearless as thou they would stray 'neath the moon.

Lord Tennyson must be proud, indeed, of his principal contribution to the volume. It is a companion-piece (in substance,

* *On Lonely Shores; and other Rhymes*. By James Leigh Joynes. London: printed for the Author at the Chiswick Press. 1892.

not in metre) to the "Lord of Burleigh," the story being modernized, and related from the point of view of a rustic swain who was ejected from the village maiden's heart by the insidious wiles of the landscape-painter:—

... but changed his mind
As he gazed upon Annie, I saw; for the delicate roseate trace
Of a blush fluttered out on her cheeks; and he kept his eyes on
her face,
Till the dull dead coal of his heart was slowly but surely lit
By the spark of a smouldering flame devil-brought from the
nethermost pit;
And his pale lackadaisical face and his lustreless eyes took fire,
And burned with the passionate heat of the glow of an ill desire.

Mr. Browning at his most lucid was hardly more lucid than this:—

Yet if while I mix with men
Naught my doubts can ever clear,
All thy soul shall I see, when
At God's feet I find thee, dear—
Nay, perchance not even then.

These gems are characteristic of Mr. Joyne's admirable collection. Can it be necessary to say more?

HOW THEY GAMBLED IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

WHEN Setna, some years before the Exodus of the Israelites, visited Ptah-nefer-ka in his tomb and insisted on obtaining the magical book, as we read in the fourth volume of the *Records of the Past*, he made a proposal to the ghost. He would play a game of fifty-two points for the possession of it. Then, we read, the ghost of Ptah-nefer-ka "accepts the proposal, but attempts to cheat Setna, and is found out by him, and loses the game." The demotic papyrus on which this curious tale is written is among the treasures of the Museum of Gizeh, having been discovered in a box at Thebes, together with a number of hieratic and later documents, which had belonged to a Coptic monk, and been buried with him. This is only one of many ancient allusions to games of chance and of skill, and numberless ivory dice have been found in tombs. It is curious to note that these dice, which are sometimes of beautifully coloured porcelain, are often loaded. When the ghost cheated Setna he apparently did nothing that was out of the common.

Chessmen also frequently occur. They are sometimes of ivory beautifully carved, and represent grotesque human forms. The chessmen exhibited at Manchester in 1887, and afterwards presented by Mr. Howarth to the British Museum, are lions' heads, and are made of a hard brown wood. Mr. Falkener accepts the theory put forward in the Manchester Catalogue that these pieces and a chair, which was also presented to the Museum by Mr. Howarth, actually belonged to the great queen, Hatshepsu, of the Eighteenth Dynasty—that is to say, some 1,600 years before the Christian era. This remains to be proved; but if the broken cartouche which accompanies them, and the carved ornaments of the chair, are of the same hard wood as the men, it would go far to satisfy the most sceptical. But that the Egyptians of that period, and long before, did play at various games, some of them of the most gambling character, and others closely resembling chess and draughts, there cannot be the slightest doubt. In the tomb of one Ra-shepsu, or Shepsesra, who lived at the time of the kings of the Fifth Dynasty, while they were still building pyramids for Royal sepulchres, there are representations of two games. One is called "Senat," and consists of a board, "men," and pieces exactly similar to those still seen at the door of a coffee-shop in Egypt, dome-shaped, sometimes of wood, sometimes of ivory, and usually coloured green and red. The other game is called "Han," the jar, or bowl, and may have been played with a cup for dice, like backgammon. The board in Han is circular. Was it a kind of roulette? The game with pieces is represented at Beni Hassan in a picture of the time of the Twelfth Dynasty. It was not chess, but more like a kind of draughts.

The same or a similar game is represented at Medinet Haboo, the sepulchral temple of Rameses III. of the Twentieth Dynasty. It is not possible to tell with whom the King is represented as playing, as the sculpture has greatly decayed; but there can be little doubt that the performance is supposed to take place after death. In a late papyrus in the British Museum there is a grotesque representation of a lion playing with an antelope. The late Dr. Birch was of opinion that there were six pieces to each player, that they were arranged parallel to the players, and that as the game advanced "the pieces were played side by side, and probably took laterally." Some boards have come down to us

and are in the British Museum and at Gizeh, as well as in private collections. The puzzle about them is that they are not all alike. The game at which Ptah-nefer-ka's ghost tried to cheat Setna seems to have been something wholly different, and the "fifty-two points" perhaps refer to the pips on dice. One Egyptian game was known as "Ta-u"—that is, the Robbers—and this Mr. Falkener would identify with the Roman *latrunculi*; but Mr. Falkener finds out in the course of his investigations that Dr. Birch "cannot be trusted." He palpably contradicts himself in various articles, and it was not always possible to make out his meaning, for he certainly had no gift of lucid exposition. Mr. Falkener, however, tries to sum up what he has gathered from Dr. Birch, and we learn that the *latrunculi* or *latrones* of the Roman game were originally soldiers, but that by degrees the name became significant of licentiousness and audacity, as the soldier turned bandit. The game he asserts to be lively and inspiring and worthy of modern practice. The Greeks called the pieces in their form of the game "dogs," and the modern Egyptian-Arab calls his, "kilab," which is the plural of "kalb," a dog. In the game of Tau the pieces were called "ab," a word which Mr. Renouf ingeniously connects with "ab," the heart, pointing out its connexion with the idea of leaping or playing, and deriving our word "heart" from a Sanscrit root, signifying play or hop. On this evidence Mr. Falkener has reconstructed the game. "Each piece was an ab, and, therefore, all the pieces, though moving only one square at a time in any direction, could leap over an adversary occupying a contiguous square, provided the next square were open, as in draughts, but without taking it." He proceeds to give the diagram of a board, and plays a game which occupies, he says, about two hours, but might, no doubt, be accomplished in a much shorter time by practised players.

Mr. Falkener next analyses "Senat," and explains it by the Arab "segna," which can be played with different numbers of squares, eleven, nine, seven, or five. The game with the bowl is also explained, as well as that of "the Sacred Way." Altogether this is a very interesting and curious book, and Mr. Falkener has a marvellous power of reconstructing a game from scanty sources of information. The second part of the volume is taken up with accounts of different kinds of chess, and the third with draughts, magic squares, and other time-killing devices. An index is badly wanted.

"LA BELLA."*

IN the dedication of the volume of *nouvelles* with which Mr. Egerton Castle has followed his romance *Consequences*, the author says that "some may complain of hearing a too frequent *cliquetis d'armes* through these pages"; and it is true that "the white arm" plays an important part in them. But the part is an ever-varying one, and it is needless to say that the author writes of all its uses with complete and expert knowledge. Duels in fiction are but too apt to be absurd, impossible, or both. Here is no such fault to be found; and there is plenty of interesting study of women and men, and the strange motives and fancies that possess them, which has no necessary connexion with the sword, which "is as great a builder as a solver of difficult situations." A critic in an evil mood might more fairly object that the "leit-motif" of some of the stories is of too uniform a character—that character being the tricking of honest men by women who are not so honest; but here, again, width and variety of perception come to the author's aid, and save him from monotony. And in one of the most powerful stories in the book, "The Baron's Quarry," the situation is reversed, and it is the woman who has to escape, not perhaps in the best manner, from an intolerable tyranny, while in another, to be spoken of presently, we are brought vividly face to face with the constant problem of a misfortune which seems inevitable. The story which gives the volume its chief title is one of two Italian brothers, noble and poor, who have lost their estates, have turned fencing-masters, and have loved each other tenderly, till, in a way made natural and tragic by the narrator, a woman, vain and thoughtless as beautiful, comes between them and turns their love for a fatal time to the fiercest rivalry. The title—*La Bella*—will indicate the nature of the story to those who know "fencing jargon." The woman who comes between the brothers asks for an explanation of the term:—

Both men lifted their voices in reply, then both stopped; after a stern pause, during which I saw Carlo clench his fist, Ettore took up the broken thread alone.

"It means the last hit—that which decides the contest," he said gravely.

"A strange expression," she mused. "It has some meaning,

* *Games, Ancient and Oriental*. By Edward Falkener. London: Longmans. 1892.

* *La Bella; and others*. Being certain Stories Recollected by Egerton Castle. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Ltd. 1892.

I suppose. *La Bella!*—it sounds as if there were some romantic idea attached to it."

"None that I know of," said the young man, with a transient look of surprise on his haggard face. "They call it so, I believe, because, being the last hit, it should be made as perfect, as beautiful as possible."

The Catalani gave a laugh, which fell quaveringly.

"It is so, in truth? Do you know," she said, "I can hardly tell why, but I keep thinking of our picture upstairs, where you seem to be fighting so fiercely for the belle on the balcony, and I fancied"—she spoke haltingly, as if picking her words—"I fancied there might be some story, some association of that kind connected with it. But, then, you say it is the last hit that decides things in your sword bouts, whereas, in earnest, it would be the first; is it not so?"

The brothers listened now with a curious intentness. They did not speak, nor move the converging fire of their eyes from her. She opened her programme again, and consulted it once more, or feigned so to do.

The final engagement in the exhibition which Carlo and Ettore are giving takes place between the two masters with the Italian practice sabre—a weapon against the attacks of which, especially if it is used for thrusts rather than cuts, heavy protection is absolutely necessary. After an unusually brilliant "phrase" of arms, the supposed narrator notes with dismay "that the brothers wore light fencing-masks, and had not changed their thin open-collared linen jackets." More than this hint as to the plot and end of a stirring story it would be unfair to give.

The story called "The Renommist" (pray why not, according to Longfellow's excellent method in *Hyperion*, "The Renownner"?) deals also with the sword and in as tragical a way as that taken in "La Bella"; but here is more curiosity of the lore of German studentdom in past times than any one but Mr. Castle, who has made the subject his own, could so readily and accurately furnish forth. There is a curious tenderness, too, as well as a curious mystery in the tale, in which all the characters have the singular merit of seeming alive and real.

To pick out two more from a collection full of interest. "The Son of Chaos" combines a gruesome horror with ingenuity and character-drawing in a most successful way; indeed, the brief life of the creature made by a modern Frankenstein gives one something like a new shudder. In "A New Sensation" we have a rich aristocratic foreign woman, filled with a most selfish love of admiration, and an aristocratic but poor British painter, who falls into her snares. The story has the ring of truth and power throughout, and the end, where again we have the power of cold steel, in the shape of a dagger, is excellently devised. The capital scene, however, which has the *chiquetis d'armes*, comes just before the end. It is a scene which Mr. Stevenson might have imagined, and its expounding has, appropriately enough, a touch of Mr. Stevenson's style.

Of the last story in the book, which is signed by Mrs. Castle, we may say with Mr. Castle, in his opening words, that it brings the volume to a graceful close, and may add that it is full of feeling and perception, two qualities which do not always go together. This is the story where the *leit-motif* is varied completely, in that there is absolute honesty on both sides. Mr. Castle's collection of stories may be not inaptly compared to a collection of cameos which, all taking their being from the same hand or hands, have a certain likeness among themselves, and yet each of which has a striking distinctness of its own which kills suspicion of monotony, all the more because in less artistic hands a danger of sameness might at least have been approached.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXX.*

INTO this volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* come the numerous houses of Johnson, Johnstone (with or without a final e), and Jones. One hundred and thirty-one members of the last have been found sufficiently illustrious to obtain a niche in Mr. Sidney Lee's Temple of Fame. There are bards and poets of various descriptions, journalists, lights of Welsh nationality and nonconformity, with bardic names and other Welsh pseudonyms duly recorded; lights of Radicalism or of Chartism, such as Ernest Charles Jones, who began his political career at eleven by running away from home to join the Polish insurgents; John Gale Jones, an energetic member of the London Corresponding Society; and Leslie Grove Jones, best known in his own day as Colonel Jones, he being a lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, and as the writer of the letters of "Radical" to the *Times*. There used to be lively traditions of him and of his energy of expression—for he had served in the days when our army still swore terribly—but these

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXX. *Jones—Kenneth*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

have not found their way into the Dictionary. Radicalism, Dissent, and Welsh poetry do not by any means exhaust the occupations of the Joneses, who, in fact, represent among themselves nearly all sorts and conditions of men. Perhaps the most notable among them is Inigo Jones, the subject of a full and interesting article, which, contrary to the wont of the Dictionary, bears no signature. Among the military biographies we may mention Colonel Vetch's accounts of the brothers Sir John Thomas Jones and Sir Harry David Jones, of Peninsular and Crimean fame. The redoubtable Paul Jones, whose real name was John Paul, is treated of by Professor Laughton. To Dr. Garnett is fitly assigned the biography of John Winter Jones, late principal librarian of the British Museum. Both in this article and also in that by Mr. Gordon Goodwin upon the writers Griffith and Giles Jones (respectively great-uncle and grandfather of the librarian), we notice that the biographers unhesitatingly claim for Giles Jones the authorship of the immortal *Goody Two-Shoes*, in which some have thought that they could trace the hand of Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Morse Stephens supplies the warmly laudatory article on the Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones.

Enough of the Joneses. Among Johnsons the first place belongs to the great Samuel. His biographer is, we are glad to see, Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose articles always repay the reader, and who, in this instance, has given us of his best. There is, however, one passage—that on the Johnsonian style—in which we confess to finding some obscurity:—

His sesquipedalian style appears in his early efforts, and seems to have been partly caught from the seventeenth-century writers, such as Sir Thomas Browne, whom he studied and admired; and in whose high-built latinized phraseology there was something congenial. The simplicity and clearness of the style accepted in his youth affected his taste, and he acquired the ponderosity without the finer qualities of his model.

We can hardly think that this latter sentence stands as Mr. Stephen wrote, or intended to write, it. There are two minor Samuel Johnsons—the dancing-master and dramatist who composed the opera of *Hurlthrumbo*, and the stout-hearted Whig divine known as "Julian" Johnson, from his book entitled *Julian the Apostate*, which was aimed at James Duke of York. The brothers Francis and George Johnson, respectively defined as "presbyterian separatist" and "puritan," may interest the frivolous reader on account of their quarrel over Mrs. Johnson's dresses. Her name was Thomasine, widow of one Boyes, a haberdasher, and she brought 300*l.* to her second husband, Francis Johnson, whom she married while he was in the Clink prison, Southwark, and who afterwards ministered to a congregation of exiled English separatists at Amsterdam. George, the younger brother, was scandalized by the pomps and vanities of his senior's wife, the ex-haberdashersess. "She wore," he averred, "3, 4, or 5 golde rings at once, moreover her busks and her whalebones in her brest were so manifest that many of ye saints were grieved." Hence arose wrath and strife, unappeased for several years, in "the banished English Church at Amsterdam."

The name of Jonson has but one representative—Ben, to whom Professor C. H. Herford devotes a valuable article of some nine pages, containing a spirited life of the dramatist, and a full account and classification of his "voluminous writings," under the four heads of dramas, masques, poems, and miscellaneous prose. A poet of later days, Keats, receives from Mr. Sidney Colvin a full and glowing biography. Churchmen are well represented. We have Bishop Juxon, emphatically styled by Charles I. "that good man," who finds an appreciative biographer in the Rev. W. H. Hutton; the saintly Bishop Ken (by Mr. Hunt); and the sweet singer of Anglicanism, John Keble (by Canon Overton). Among minor articles, we will mention that upon Dr. Jowett, of Cambridge, appointed in 1782 Regius Professor of Civil Law, because it bears upon a point of literary history, which may perhaps be further looked into when the biography of Archdeacon Wrangham comes under consideration. "Wrangham," says the article before us, "is believed to have written the epigram on the garden which Jowett laid out in the angle between the two divisions of the east front of his college." To this statement it should have been added that Professor Pryme (in his *Autobiographic Recollections*) has averred that Wrangham himself told him that he had not written the lines, but that, thinking them clever, he had repeated them. Pryme also gives what he believed to be "the correct version" of the epigram. It differs somewhat from that here given, and, we think, differs for the better. The Dictionary gives the final couplet thus:—

If you would know the mind of little Jowett,
This little garden don't a little show it.

In Pryme's version, the equivalents of these two lines are differently and more appropriately placed, and run, with more ease and better grammar, as follows:—

A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett,
This little garden doth a little show it!

The theatrical element is strong. There is the fascinating Mrs. Jordan, of whom the biographer, Mr. Knight, tells a good story. It is said that, at George III.'s suggestion, the Duke of Clarence once wrote proposing that her allowance from him of 1,000*l.* a year should be cut down to 500*l.* Mrs. Jordan, by way of reply, sent him the lower part of a play-bill, bearing the words, "No money returned after the rising of the curtain." On her final separation from the Duke, she appears to have obtained liberal terms; but as "all her connexions of every degree were her annuitants," it is not wonderful that she died well-nigh penniless. Then there are the illustrious names of Kean and Kemble. The greatest of the Kembles has to wait for notice as Mrs. Siddons, but the others are here, including Mrs. Sartoris, whose biography is supplied by Miss Middleton. John Kemble and other actors and actresses of the family are treated of by Mr. Knight, while Mr. Hunt deals with "Anglo-Saxon Kemble." A star of Elizabethan days, William Kemp, who is known to have played Shakespeare's Peter and Dogberry, and who perhaps "created" the part of Justice Shallow, furnishes the editor with a good subject on which to display his quaint and recondite learning. Miss Bradley's pleasant article on Angelica Kauffmann will find many readers, less probably for the sake of the fair painter's somewhat slender talents than for her fictitious fame under the pretty name of "Miss Angel." And the young people who have delighted in that dangerously fascinating tale "Robbery under Arms" may like to know the real history of Edward Kelly, the bushranger (hanged in 1880), and his gang, whose adventures supplied the groundwork of the story. A more orderly, but less popular, kind of ruffian, "Flogging Fitzgerald," on whose absence from the ranks of the Fitzgeralds we commented at the time, comes into this volume under his less familiar appellation of Judkin-Fitzgerald.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to praise one volume of this great work for being more interesting than another, for the interest is to some extent a matter of alphabetical luck. But we may say that the writers in this thirtieth volume have been fortunate in their subjects, and have used their opportunities right well.

SIR PROVO W. P. WALLIS, G.C.B.*

DR. BRIGHTON'S preface to this Life of Sir Provo Wallis begins with such a delicious paragraph that we almost forgive him for producing what we are afraid must be described as a superfluous book. Here it is for the greater delectation of our readers, who may at the same time be assured that it contains very nearly all of the volume which is worth having:—

About the year 1854, being detained at Salisbury waiting for the train, I strolled into a book-shop and purchased a volume published in the United States relating the events of the war between those States and Great Britain in 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. I read it carefully with amazement at my own ignorance. I had scarcely heard of any such war! And why? Because in those years we had a war, and a tremendous one it was, with almost all the European Powers at our own doors.

This is so true, and expresses so well the brutal, stolid indifference of the British to the half-dozen frigate actions about which America periodically blares, that our heart warms to Dr. Brighton. Still, though our feelings to him are kindly, we cannot honestly say that we can count his book as one of those which needed to be written. The result of reading the volume published in Salisbury was that Dr. Brighton was moved to write a Life of Sir P. B. V. Broke of the *Shannon*. While collecting his materials he naturally applied to Admiral Wallis for his account of the famous action. The Admiral gave him a meeting, which proved agreeable to both, and in due time they became very good friends. This is a pleasing illustration of the pleasures which at times attend the pursuit of literature, but it does not prove that Dr. Brighton need have written a Life of Sir Provo Wallis. Indeed, if no more is to be known than this volume contains—which is, we imagine, the case—there was no reason why any life of him should be written at all. There is no fact in it which was not recorded in the obituary notices. The famous *Chesapeake* action is fairly well described, though without fire. Of this we do not much complain, since we do not expect to

see an adequate account of that fight till Froissart comes back from the dead to tell it. How he would enjoy the telling. It was exactly the kind of fight his soul loved. But then Dr. Brighton, as he honestly confesses—for he is, indeed, a simple-hearted man—has merely transferred it, pictures and all, from his Life of Broke. Now this is bookmaking. The other services of Sir Provo Wallis are only recorded baldly. The letters, of which a large part of the volume is composed, are unimportant. They show that Sir Provo was an agreeable friend, and once made Dr. Brighton a present of a heifer of his own breeding—which was a most friendly act; also that, like many other old naval and military gentlemen, he was disturbed in his mind at the progress of Ritualism, anarchical principles, and contempt for authority. But that is all. It is a comic feature of the book that it was written before the Admiral's death, and speaks of him as still alive. Dr. Brighton was apparently so hurried to get his book out in time that he did not even wait to correct this absurdity.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

IN the series of lurid pictures to which the author of *Fantasy* has given the alluring title of *The Land of Cockayne* (1) are depicted the humours and evils of the lottery with about as much accuracy as that with which the tragi-grotesque shadows on a wall may reproduce comfortable and commonplace realities. Yet but three years divide this novelistic diatribe from *Terno Secco*, most perfect of lottery stories, glowing with pure humour, shadowed with deep pathos, admirable for a restraint due perhaps to the narrow margin of its form of *nouvelle*, sound in ethics as in art, a very mirror to Neapolitan human nature, impersonal as it is convincing. But to convince you must have conviction, and this we fail to detect in *Paese di Cuccagna*, which neither corroborates our memories of the workings of this curious institution nor the wider and deeper experience of those patriots, statesmen, and philanthropists to whose hearts the welfare of Italy is so near. It would almost appear that Mme. Serao, while beating the bush for a subject that lends itself to powerful treatment, has lashed herself to a frenzy that causes her to outstep her goal, rendering her breathless, unreal, and incoherent. The scene in which that male Witch of Endor, the *assietto*, is delivered from durance vile by the usurer Parascandolo, and in which he foretells the fortunes of his eight tormentors—the Marchese di Formosa, an ex-priest named Colaneri, a stock exchange jobber, a glove-cutter, a shoeblack, a college professor, and an aged lawyer—must surely have been devised for the solace of those devourers of the evening feuilleton who haunt the porter's lodge. This melodramatic Marchese di Formosa, fallen from his high estate—not because he has gambled at his club or mortgaged his estates to his *fattore* according to the immemorial custom of a section of the society to which he belonged, but ruined from the long and unaccountable habit of staking small sums *al lotto*—was the father of Bianca Cavalcanti, a plaster-of-Paris heroine, taken down from her tray and dragged about so roughly by so palpable a string that we are not surprised when she breaks to pieces in the arms of her devoted but not too-persuasive lover, who has failed to lure her from her allegiance to the most improbable of parents and maniacs. Pasqualino, the *assietto*, his wife Chiara Stella, a little dressmaker who flits for a moment across the opening chapter, a brutal glove-cutter and a philosophic shoeblack, share with other minor characters those flashes of life-like realism which are so many masterly touches in an otherwise blurred and meaningless cartoon; they alone recall the author's earlier manner—the manner of the novelist who has not yet been merged in the journalist nor sunk in the writer of polemics.

Nella Vita (2) is a fairly faithful, if somewhat colourless, sketch of *bourgeois* life in Milan. It is colourless, because the life it depicts is dull and uniform, and because the play of human passion among its personages never raises them above the level of their prosaic *milieu*. It points a moral, from which we gather that to the men of this society belong the cakes and ale thereof, while the women content themselves, and enjoin their sisters to be content, with the hard crust, the nut that will not be cracked, and the dried pea in the shoe.

Signor Barrili's *Rosa of Jericho* (3), a quaint departure from the paths of virtue in which hitherto he has walked, is more amusing than the author can have intended so much driving a-muck amid the commandments, leading to such liberal slaughter and sudden death, to be. The fair reason for all this wrongdoing is a certain Rosa Malrimondi, surnamed "Rose of Jericho,"

* *Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo W. P. Wallis, G.C.B., &c.* A Memoir by J. G. Brighton, M.D., Author of "A Memoir of Admiral Sir P. B. V. Broke." With numerous Charts, &c. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

(1) *Il paese di Cuccagna*. Di Matilde Serao. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(2) *Nella Vita*. Di Mercedes. Milano: Galli di Chiesa e Giundani.

(3) *Rosa di Gerico*. Di Anton Giulio Barrili. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

as an equivalent to "Queen of Roses," beloved by Gino Cardona, and married to his most intimate friend. This friend, the luckless Alberto, is no better than he should be; but before they discover the fact, his wife and his crony convince themselves and each other that it is their duty to forestall poetic justice. Their plans are partly thwarted, for a time, by an accomplished and fascinating Venetian widow, who happens to be passing the winter in Rome for the improvement of her mind and the beguiling of her *ennui*—a circumstance which explains the willingness of the Countess Valier to work out the Signora Malrimondi's salvation by flirting with Gino Cardona. Gino is, however, of an obdurate fidelity, so that the Countess Valier's devices for exonerating a friend who has no craving to be exonerated by compromising herself are wasted on every one but the husband, who, never having seen so much smoke without fire, forbids his wife to receive the self-sacrificing widow, and postpones his wrath until everybody is ready for the deeds of horror of the concluding chapter.

Amori Antichi (4), by the same author, is a story of love and conquest of the time of Julius Cæsar, the scene being laid in ancient Liguria. The conquest, that of the Consul Marcus Popilius, the troubadoursque loves, those of Helius Stalenus, the friend of Cæsar, and the eloquent disciple of Cicero, are pretexts for an account of the manners and customs of the Ligurian city of Cairis, and for learned disquisitions on Cairisian stables, market and dwelling-places, parchments, magnets, antique breeds of horses *à la mode*, postal systems, bath-towels, and chariots. The learning of this historical romance is, in fact, so abundant and overflowing that, in a letter to Helius, we find Julius Cæsar quoting the invocation of Horace to Mercury, while a Ligurian lady does not hesitate to paraphrase an axiom of Metastasio. Still, despite some anachronisms, and a little because of them, but, above all, because of its vigour of presentment, this evocation of a semi-barbarous race on the eve of its vassalage to Rome is good reading.

The most remarkable of the collected essays in which Signor Bonghi records his impressions of autumn travelling in England and elsewhere, *In Autunno* (5), is the one written on the return journey and entitled *In Viaggio*. We do not remember to have met with a criticism more able or so pungent, both as regards matter and style, of one of the most widely read of recent French novels, which its author has defined as a "tableau de famille, mais de la famille moderne, atteinte de la longue fièvre qui court du haut en bas de la société européenne, l'attaque dans ses principes de hiérarchie, d'autorité." "Quite so," replies Signor Bonghi. "And this crack is not to your taste? It seems to you that no good can come of it? You think it must effect a change in the conditions of family life; you cannot tell what the change will be, and you do not expect it to be for the better? True, O King! But have not you moderns drawn the crack with your fingers, do not your own hands widen it day by day? . . . The thought saddened me; but meanwhile I had reached my destination. . . . Fortunately this literature had lasted less than twenty-four hours, but unfortunately it is renewed every day. And now that I have discoursed at so much length on so popular a work, I can't tell you, *in fè mia*, why I have done so." Other essays, on Oxford ceremonial, on the English Sunday, English journalism, horse-shows, and the general aspect of the country, cannot fail to bring us nearer to the stay-at-home masses of his countrymen, and to remind the people among whom the Italian statesman passed the greater portion of his holiday of his constant and kindly appreciation.

Signor Angelo Mosso's study of the causes and effects of fatigue, *La Fatica* (6), a literary work on a scientific subject, is enlivened with anecdote and daring speculation, and corroborated by experience so varied and convincing that Signor Paolo Mantegazza, who more than twenty years ago threw himself into the same breach for the purpose of popularizing the same science, generously claims for its latest exponent the foremost rank among Italian physiologists. The first part of the book is dedicated to physical, the second to intellectual, fatigue; the former opening with a chapter on the migration of birds, which treats—among other curiosities of ornithology—of the arrival of quails from Africa on the Roman coast. The fatigue of flying at the rate of 1,020 metres per minute (the passage from Cape Bon to Fiumicino being accomplished in nine hours) induces in the quail anæmia of the brain, and consequent diminution of visual force, so that many, striking the eaves of the first whitewashed houses that meet their sight, fall dead from lack of strength to clear the roof by a couple of feet. Perhaps the most remarkable chapters of

this first part are the third and fifth, treating of the origin of force, of the substances produced by muscular fatigue, and of the action of the brain on the muscles, as demonstrated by experiments made with the ergograph. Chapter x. has a special interest for lecturers, professors, and students; it is followed by a chapter headed "Methods of Intellectual Labour," of which the author is amply justified in asserting that it contains matter for a book. The twelfth and concluding chapter—on "Modern Nervous and Overstrain from Brain-work"—compares, or rather contrasts, Leopardi with Humboldt at the age of eighteen, analyses the brains of Rousseau and Cavour, follows the effects of fatigue in school and Parliament as the writer has followed them in field and factory, and leaves the casual reader amazed at the serious import of what he has absorbed with so little effort.

The following quotation from Signor Negri's preface to his *Life and Works of George Eliot* (7) marks the sympathetic spirit in which the Italian critic has approached his work, although even this passage hardly prepares us for the keen sense of English humour and the wide and deep insight into those conditions of which it is the outcome, so amazing in a writer of Latin race:—

I venture to assert that, if anywhere in modern literature we may look for the inspiration, the breath, the atmosphere of the Sermon on the Mount, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, it is in the sermon of Dinah in *Adam Bede*. Here is, indeed, a phenomenon worthy of meditation. The co-existence, in one person, of the limpid and acute reason which penetrates and disperses the mist of myths and of a religious sentiment intact in its freshness and intensity may appear to the superficial observer to be an inexplicable anomaly. But the truth is that, in George Eliot, we have the most splendid and persuasive proof that not only does consummate knowledge deter us from the propaganda of unbelief, but it gives us the understanding of every religion in which there is sincere belief, and in a measure makes us participators therein. . . .

The first volume of this biography concerns itself with the life, the second with the novels, of George Eliot. The extracts from these novels, retold with careful analysis, in the form of *résumés*, are masterpieces of translation. Signor Negri may be congratulated on having done for George Eliot what M. de Vogüé was the first to do for Tolstoi and Dostoevski.

Among school-books we have a new edition of the *Italian Conversation-Grammar* (8) and an *Italian Reader* (9) [method Gaspey-Otto-Sauer], both developed and revised up to date.

CHARLES WEST COPE, R.A.*

THIS is a disappointing volume. Mr. Cope was for so many years a prominent member of the Royal Academy, and officially associated with the movement of British art; he was, moreover, so genial and human a man, that we had every reason to expect both instruction and entertainment from his biography. But Mr. C. H. Cope's book is, in the first place, scarcely a biography. He calls it *Reminiscences* of his father, thereby leading us, perhaps rather hurriedly, to expect a series of memories of the elder Mr. Cope by the younger. We think, though we will not absolutely insist, that reminiscences of a man should be a narrative of personal knowledge of that man by some one else. But, allowing that it may be used, as it often is, of the man's own related recollections, it is still a bad name for the book under review, which is mainly, not Mr. Cope's recoveries of memory, facts recalled to his mind, but simply a crude transcript of his diary. The volume, in short, consists of the following divisions:—Forty pages of autobiography about the painter's childhood and youth, three hundred pages of diary, with letters and recollections interpolated, and fifty pages more of appendix. The interpolations are sometimes of the most vapid kind. The diary will refer to "Mr. W.—"; the editor will pause to explain that this is Mr. Wildgoose, although it does not appear that Wildgoose was anybody in particular.

It is a sad pity that those who prepare memorials of the dead do not recognize what is the real value and what the limitations of a diary. Except in very rare instances, when the record has been kept for the purpose of being ultimately published, or written by a man in whom the habit of style is so ingrained that he cannot order a pair of breeches inelegantly—except in these cases a diary should never be looked upon in any other light

(7) *George Eliot—La sua vita e i suoi romanzi*. Di Gaetano Negri. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(8) *Italian Conversation-Grammar*. By Charles Marquard Sauer. Heidelberg: J. Groos.

(9) *Italian Reader*. By G. Cattaneo. Heidelberg: Julius Groos; London: Dulau & Co.

* *Reminiscences of Charles West Cope, R.A.* By his Son, Charles Henry Cope. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.

(4) *Amori Antichi*. Di Anton Giulio Barrili. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(5) *In Autunno, su e giù*. Di Ruggiero Bonghi. Milano: A. Paganini.

(6) *La Fatica*. Di Angelo Mosso. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

than that of raw material. It gives the biographer an osseous structure on which to build his narrative, but it should not be revealed in its nakedness to the reader. If the younger Mr. Cope had been aware of this, we should have been spared pages and pages of this sort of thing:—

Tuesday, 17th. Old Captain Mudge, of the packet service to Ostend, dined with us. I had not seen him for eleven years, since we went to Switzerland.

Monday, March 2. Began a month's visiting in Life Academy—a tedious drudgery. Sat Bartlett, as piping boy.

Wednesday, 11th. In Life Academy sat Miss Froud. Arms very good.

Wednesday, 18th. Sat Thompson in Life Academy for the remainder of the month.

Tuesday, April 30. Duchess of Gloucester died at five, so that no private view by the Royal party. Dinner likewise to be put off. Council meeting and lunch, and then to St. James's Park to watch workmen in the ornamental water. Maclise and Hart with me. The former very amusing and comic in observations and jokes.

So piping boy to piping boy succeeds, and Thompson, Thompson; but we obtain no impression of Mr. Cope, nor are even consoled by hearing a few of Maclise's very amusing and comic observations and jokes. The worst of it is that, not only is too much given us by the transcript of a diary, but too little. A journal kept from day to day seldom mentions the most important subjects on which a man's mind is engaged, and still more rarely gives a hint of what his contemporaries were thinking about him. Now, in the case of the Royal Academician whose life we are considering, there is an instance of this fact which is very much to the point.

When the pre-Raphaelites were beginning that revolutionary movement out of which so much has sprung which they never anticipated, they cast their eyes around among the official representatives of art in England to see who there was to whom they could profess a mitigated allegiance. In 1849, it must be confessed, the Royal Academy was not a brilliant body. There were two great artists still existing in it, Turner and Mulready; there were interesting painters, Edwin Landseer, Dyce, Maclise; but none of these had anything to say to the young pre-Raphaelites. They saw but one man in the Royal Academy from whom anything was to be hoped in the direction of imaginative art, and this, strangely enough, was Cope. His colour, with its full reds and blues, was crude; but then their own sense of colour was, at that time, vivid and intense rather than refined. His drawing was picturesque, and his composition what they approved of. It was seriously discussed whether or not it was worth while to approach Mr. Cope, and lay the plan of pre-Raphaelite campaign before him. It was a most interesting moment. Cope was still comparatively young, only thirty-eight. He had just been elected a full Academician, and was a member of the Council at the moment. He was very popular and prominent in connexion with his frescoes at Westminster Hall. No one can say what his own future career might have been if, at this moment, he had thrown in his lot with the new men, and had encouraged their theories from the safe vantage of his official position. But the diary for these years 1849 and 1850, when Cope was so nearly honoured by the confidence of the pre-Raphaelites, contains no reference to any movement in the world of art at all. Here are anecdotes about soda-water bottles, and Mr. Richmond sitting on the gravel-walk, and playing bowls at Margate, and trivialities of this kind, but not a word about what we should like to hear of. This is the nemesis of a too slavish dependence on a diary.

Charles West Cope was born in Leeds on the 28th of July, 1811. His childhood seems to have been passed in considerable misery, tempered, as years went on, by fly-fishing. He was taken forth to "dapp" for trout in the Tees when he was thirteen, by an enthusiastic gentleman who kept up the sport so long that the inn turned out with lanterns at last to look for the bodies. The fishermen had not thought of the hour, absorbed in their business, and it was two o'clock in the morning! His father was killed in a coaching accident when Mr. Cope was sixteen, just after it had been decided that he should go to Sass's Academy to be trained as an artist. For several years he showed little or no aptitude for this profession; his first picture, painted when he had been a student for more than three years, being "a very poor performance." Curiously enough, Mr. Cope does not make any allusion, so far we can discover, to his own first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy. His earliest contribution was made in 1833, with a small picture called "The Golden Age." He then spent great part of two or three years in Italy, in the company of William Boxall, and, by familiarizing himself with the works of the great masters, gained much more freedom and skill. The diary gives his desultory impressions of

Italy and of Italian art at great length, but these impressions have little value.

We may continue to supplement the *Reminiscences*, which are here extremely vague, by saying that Cope did not contribute to the Royal Academy of 1834 or 1835, but in 1836 created something like a sensation by the exhibition of three works, inspired, to some extent, by Titian, and more by Nicholas Poussin. These were "The Death Warrant" and "Hagar and Ishmael," of which no mention is made in the volume before us, and "The Nereids," which the editor erroneously speaks of as "The Sirens." It is really absurd that what purports to be a biography of Charles West Cope should contain no reference whatever to the Royal Academy exhibition which first introduced his name to the critics and to the general public, and justified the nine years spent on his artistic education. In 1837 Cope was represented by two pictures, both hung in the first room. In the present volume he speaks, when an old man, of his "Ostera" and "Paolo and Francesca" as being in the same exhibition, and as attracting much attention as the work of a "new man." In this his memory was at fault; the second of these was really the first, and obtained a great deal of notice in 1837. But in 1838, when the "Ostera" was exhibited, Cope was no longer a "new man," but a recognized favourite of the public.

The next ten years were the most active and successful in Cope's life. He was in rapid succession elected an Associate and then a full member of the Royal Academy. It is not mentioned here, but is worth recording, that he filled the places left vacant—on the first occasion by the death of Washington Allston, and on the second by the degradation of Ramsay Rich Reinagle. This was the period of the fresco-competitions for Westminster Hall, in which Cope was a successful candidate. A certain amount of information on this interesting subject may be collected from the diary, but in a hopelessly scattered form. While we were searching, at the proper point in the book, for particulars regarding the moveable frescoes, we were confronted by this paragraph:—

While staying with the Hallams, we had to go out to dinner with one of their friends, some miles distant. The hostess was an old lady of eighty or more years of age. At dessert a question was asked whether some nuts on the table were cobnuts or filberts. The old lady said, "Send them up to me." She declined the nutcrackers, and cracked the hard shells with her teeth. An old General sitting near her said, "Good God, madam!" We all laughed, as did the hostess.

Very well. But does Mr. C. H. Cope think that this pointless anecdote, no wittier and no duller than scores that this volume contains, could bear with impunity a lapse of fifty years, and still seem funny? Or did he not think about it at all, but shovel his father's innocent notes into the book without the least examination? Whichever be the case, he has not begun to understand what are the duties of a biographer. He has not given us the means of forming any impression, save what Cope's own entries give us, of his father's appearance, manners, or peculiarities. He has not attempted the slightest criticism of his general work or his place among the artists of his time. He has not even given a list of his father's principal pictures, for the catalogue given in an appendix, "taken from a note-book in my father's (or mother's) writing," is absurdly incorrect and imperfect, and, in fact, worse than nothing. In short, he has entirely lost the occasion presented to him, never to be presented again, of making a remarkable, though not very important, painter live once more for a little while in the fading memory of men. Those who have seen half a dozen of Cope's pictures may really know more about him than this great empty volume has to offer.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume of Barante's memoirs (1) contains a good deal of interesting matter, sometimes, as is too much the wont of modern memoirs, sandwiched or sand-gulfed in matter that is not interesting. It goes from 1813 to 1822, and the most attractive part of it naturally is the account of Napoleon's last years, of his fall, of the Cent Jours, of the time of Waterloo, and of the final, or temporarily final, Restoration. Barante was a little too prone to give himself the *beau rôle*, and he cannot be said to have been a very interesting political character, being more of an able, honest, and conscientious official than anything else. But his conduct in the short but disgraceful double-shuffle which so many played between the Emperor and the King was dignified and creditable—all the more so that he was by no means a very fervent Royalist. The historic eye, moreover, the possession of which he was later to show, appears in his whole account of the Restoration—an account which even more than Villèle's will be a help

(1) *Souvenirs du Baron de Barante*. Tome II. Paris: Calmann Lévy

to the construction some day of a real history of that strange time. The only point on which he seems to us to have gone wrong is in his evident dread of a Jacobin resurrection which would sweep empire, kingdom, charter, and everything else away. He had evidently not sufficiently appreciated the depth to which the iron of the Conquête Jacobine had entered—a depth of which, except at rare intervals, and then for short periods, the rankle has lasted to the present day. But he had seen and exhibits forcibly the sort of post-diluvian waste and barrenness of political institutions, beliefs, and even faculties in which the Revolution had left France, and in which France wanders to this very day. Unluckily he and his friends were not the men to remedy the evil, though they tried.

The parts of M. Sorel's great work on the foreign relations of the French Revolution (2) are always welcome as they appear, for they are admirably written, admirably informed, and as free from prejudice as any literary work—to have salt and savour remaining—can be. The present volume deals with the years 1794–5, which may be said to have been in a sense the turning point of the earlier struggle. Naturally M. Sorel's acute historical glance has not missed the main lesson that the survival, nay the temporary triumph, of the Republic was due to nothing more, was indeed hardly due to anything else, than to the incurable disunion, self-seeking, and irresolution of the allies.

Many agreeable things will be found in M. Grellet-Dumazeau's account of the "Exile of Bourges" in 1753–4 (3), one of those curious conflicts between the Crown and the Paris Parliament which are familiar to readers of Carlyle. The grave and reverend seigniors did not exactly suffer from *ennui* at Bourges, though some of the gravest and most reverend looked with sorrow and disapproval on diversions in a strange land. The others fought duels, they acted plays, they occasionally made calls on ladies at five o'clock in the morning, and had their ears boxed by the ladies' husbands. And it was all, or partly, about *billets de confession*! There is a very agreeable frontispiece portrait of the President de Meinières, who is exactly like the Baron of Bradwardine, and, as they were contemporaries, and the Baron had been much in France, had probably known him.

M. Vacherot is a very old man, and has a past which is, to say the least, distinguished. We do not see any sign of failing powers in his *Démocratie libérale* (4), though we have considerable doubts about the kind of the book, which is a sort of very long leading article on the present state, internal and external, of France.

The essays of M. Brunetière's last collection (5) are, as their title tells, all of quite recent date, and on quite recent subjects. We are not certain whether this is a good plan, though, after all, the production of books is most largely determined by the appetite of book-buyers. And a man who has, like M. Brunetière, with a mixture of frankness and humility (neither of which, we are sure, is consciously assumed), declared that he does not regard these collections as "books" at all, may use larger license than another in making them. Still, though it is difficult to conceive M. Brunetière speaking without its being worth while to hear him, we can without great difficulty conceive him speaking on some subjects better worth his pains in speaking and ours in hearing than some here dealt with. But this is by the way, and even if there were much more here than there is about persons who, we strongly suspect, will be forgotten before a dozen years pass, such essays as those on Vigny and Vinet, and such an audacious but blessed fling as his passing description of Amiel, would ransom them. How does any one think that M. Brunetière describes that sacred head?—"L'inoffensive, précieuse, et déplaisante personne de cette contrefaçon de rêveur." Hardly have we got over the fearful joy of this blasphemy than another escapes the hedge of our author's teeth. "La critique se passera plutôt d'eux qu'ils ne se passeront eux de la critique." And "eux" are novelists! But impiety of this sort is too daring and dreadful, so no more of it. Everywhere in the volume, even in the butterfly-breaking above referred to, M. Brunetière's strong sense, his vigorous writing, and his thorough knowledge appear, and if occasionally some of his old *tubies* and limitations appear likewise, they are only a sort of *remarque* to assure the genuineness of the piece.

We have also before us a new edition of Père Didon's *Indissolubilité et Divorce* (Paris: Plon); another of *Contes Allemands* (Paris: Perrin), translated from Grimm and others, translated by MM. Franck and Alfsleben, with M. Laboulaye's introduction;

(2) *L'Europe et la révolution française*. Par Albert Sorel. Quatrième partie: Les limites naturelles. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Les exilés de Bourges*. Par A. Grellet-Dumazeau. Paris: Plon.

(4) *La démocratie libérale*. Par E. Vacherot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Essai sur la littérature contemporaine*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

and a quaint and dainty *plaque*—"Toute license sauf contre l'amour" (Paris: Perrin), by M. Maurice Barrès, who is the Mr. Oscar Wilde of France, though Mr. Wilde has not yet given us his *Jardin de Bérénice*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"TRY Labrador" is a suggestion that should tempt the traveller, for there are many lands more remote and inaccessible than are better known. A guide to the coast of this still mysterious land is put forth under the title *The Coast of Labrador*, by Alpheus Spring Packard (New York: Hodges; London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), which the author trusts will prove useful to travellers, artists, naturalists, and yachtsmen, as well as of interest to students of geography and exploration. Of Dr. Packard's part in this volume we have no hesitation in saying it is sufficiently inciting to stir the locomotive disposition in the naturalist or the yachtsman. The writer's notes on two summer cruises from New England comprise some pleasing sketches of life and nature on the Labrador coast. The first of these trips was a students' expedition, and confined to Belle Isle and the southern coast. The second and more ambitious excursion was organized by Mr. William Bradford, the American artist, whose aim was to study the northernmost scenery of Labrador, in Hudson's Strait, and about Cape Chudleigh, or Chidley. Though the exploring party fell far short of this object, the voyage along the north-east coast was productive in many ways, especially in the observations of natural history and geology recorded by Dr. Packard, and further illustrated by diagrams and woodcuts. With regard to inland exploration, it seems that, what with black flies and mosquitoes, the summer traveller must find life horrible. In the South, on the Esquimaux river, Dr. Packard describes these insect plagues as "effectual estoppels" to the curious adventurer. The rest of the volume comprises a bibliography, summaries of old and modern exploration, and reprints of papers on the zoology and geology of Labrador contributed to the Natural History Society of Boston and other scientific bodies. There are also lists of birds by Mr. L. W. Turner and Dr. Allen, of plants by Mr. John Macoun, of Ottawa, and of fish, insects, &c. Altogether, Dr. Packard's view of what constitutes a descriptive Labrador is no narrow one.

Mr. James B. Johnston's *Place-Names of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Douglas) is in some respects not unworthy of ranking, in popular esteem, with Archbishop Trench's lectures *On the Study of Words*. Mr. Johnston, it is true, does not seek for the ethical significance of place-names, which were a fanciful undertaking, though he points out, as other Scotsmen do, how illustrative Celtic place-names are of the "warm emotional heart" of the Celt and his love of nature and colour. Perhaps, if he did extend his studies across the border he would find English place-names not altogether so expressive of a stupid literalism and a prosaic character as he seems to imagine. However, his book is well planned. The Dictionary is really excellent, and not less excellent is the treatment of the subject in the introductory chapters on place-names of Celtic, Scandinavian, English, and other origins.

In the "Abbotsford Series" Mr. George Eyre-Todd's selections of *Medieval Scottish Poetry* (Glasgow: Hodge & Co.) comprise a reprint of "The Kingis Quair," and specimens of Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas. The editor's selection, in each instance, is good, though we scarcely think Dunbar, one of the most neglected of our old poets, is susceptible to this kind of representation. He needs a volume to himself. Each section is prefaced by an introduction, in which, with much that is well observed, the editor appears to make little or nothing of Chaucerian influence. Of course, if you ignore Chaucer, it is easy to write of Scotland's "golden age of poetry" as preceding that of England by half a century. It becomes an Augustan age in Mr. Eyre-Todd's notice of Dunbar, of which Douglas was the Virgil, Dunbar the Horace—the greater Scottish poet likened to the lesser Latin.

Professor Marshall Ward's introduction to forest botany, *The Oak* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), must be accounted one of the few completely successful attempts to combine scientific with popular exposition. The author abjures sentiment from the very start. He is businesslike, explicit, methodic, yet thoroughly readable. The life-history of a forest tree ought to make, and in this instance does, a most interesting book.

My Home in the Alps, by Mrs. Main (Sampson Low & Co.), is a capital little book for the Swiss tourist who makes his first venture at climbing. It is chatty, anecdotic, and full of useful advice and information.

From the Clarendon Press is issued *The Oxford Miniature*

Shakespeare, in six tiny volumes, beautifully printed, packed in a neat box, and as charming a reprint, without and within, as we know of. It is edited by Mr. W. J. Craig, has a sufficient glossary, and no notes, which is not the least of the many attractions of this delightful edition.

Messrs. Warne & Co. are the publishers of *The Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arbly*, with Mr. W. G. Ward's notes, originally issued by Mr. Vizetelly, of which the third and concluding volume has reached us.

Miss Eleanor Rowe's handbook, *Hints on Chip-Carving* (Sutton, Drowley, & Co.), is a capital manual of instruction in a craft that ought to be most popular with the younger members of the community who are devoted to the acquisition of home arts. Chip-carving is a primitive art that may usefully be employed in elementary classes as a preparatory course to wood-carving. It affords excellent training for youthful eyes and hands, and in pure geometric designs, applied to picture and mirror frames, the lids and tops of boxes, small tables in low relief cutting, and other objects of household purposes, some very pleasing effects may be obtained.

Among new editions we note *Red Deer*, by Richard Jefferies, "Silver Library" (Longmans & Co.); Baron de Malortie's *Twist Old Times and New* (Ward & Downey); *The Relation of Mind and Matter*, by Henry Calderwood (Macmillan & Co.); *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*, "Jorrocks edition" (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.); *A Modern Milkmaid* (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law*, by G. R. Sims (G. Newnes, Lim.).

We have also received *All about Cocoa*, by "Historicus" (Sampson Low & Co.), an interesting little book, if not all-informing; *The Bijou Byron*, Vols. V. and VI. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Short Stories Magazine* (New York: Current Literature Co.); *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society, with Statistics of Observations for 1890* (Blackwood & Sons); *Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society* (Colchester: Wiles), with reports of meetings, &c.; *The Annual Report for 1891 of the Astor Library*, New York; *Transactions of the Cremation Society of England*, No. V.; *Temperance*, by W. Beatty-Kingston, second edition (Routledge); *Cassell's History of England*, Vol. V. illustrated; *The Greatest Temptation in the World*, by the Rev. French Blake (Canterbury: Goulden); *In Sin or Folly*, by Arthur Nestorian (Digby, Long, & Co.); *The Doom of the County Council*, a moving picture of the philanthropic and socialistic Council of the future (Allen & Co.); and *The Essential Foundation of Real Army Reform*, a pamphlet by "Ignotus" (Eyre & Spottiswoode), in which conscription is seriously considered as a remedy for the failure the writer thinks has resulted from trying "long service, short service, and a mixture of the two."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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LYCEUM. — TO-NIGHT, at Eight, Shakespeare's Play, "KING HENRY VIII." Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. IRVING; Queen Katharine, Miss ELLEN TERRI. The Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram. — NOTICE.—Theatre closed Monday to Friday April 11 to 15, inclusive; reopening Saturday next, April 16, with "HENRY VIII." — LYCEUM.

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EASTER TERM begins April 27. For Syllabus apply to Miss CROUDACE, Lady Resident.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 31, June 1 and 2. ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least, of value ranging between £40 and £80 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—For further details apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, STAINES. THE COURSE of STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. About FORTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September, 1892. For competition the Secretary of State will offer Ten Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department and Two in the Indian Telegraph Department.—For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1892. Two of £50, one of £35, and one of £10. Examination begins July 13.—Particulars of Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

DURHAM SCHOOL.—FOUR JUNIOR and THREE SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £35 to £75 a year, will be competed for on June 29. One Scholarship will be awarded for Mathematics. Parents must not be in wealthy circumstances. Particulars to be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up VACANCIES on the FOUNDATION and EXHIBITIONS will be held in July next. For full particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, 19 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

THE SUMMER SESSION will begin on Monday, May 2, 1892. The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds (including 75 for Convalescents at Swanley). Students may reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations. SCHOLARSHIPS and PRIZES of the aggregate value of over £700 are awarded annually, and students entering in May can compete for the Entrance Scholarships in September. For full particulars apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C. A Handbook forwarded on application.

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G. W. S. [Mr. G. W. Smalley] has again stupidly blundered in a letter to the New York Tribune, which appeared in that journal upon March 20, when he says "he [Mr. Collier] publishes books in Newspaper form in a periodical called *Once a Week*."

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If Mr. G. W. Smalley blunders all along the line after this silly fashion, his contributions to that eminently respectable journal, the *Tribune*, must be.....well, the *Tribune* knows its own business best.

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